Busing: What's To Be Done? *Alexander M. Bickel*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 30, 1972, 50 cents

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An Invitation to New Republic Subscribers to become charter subscribers of Washington Watch, a Private Newsletter

Dear Friend:

There are really three kinds of news: **managed news, visible news** and **hidden news.**

For example, during the India-Pakistan war, the Nixon Administration's attempt at **managed news** portrayed the two countries as equally at fault while the United States was strictly neutral.

The **visible news** was that the Bengali people were suffering the worst oppression since Hitler's extermination of Europe's Jews and India's intervention was necessary before millions more died.

The **hidden news** was that President Nixon was demanding through Henry Kissinger that U.S. Policy "tilt" in favor of Pakistan's dictator Yahya Khan.

It is only now and then that **hidden news** *becomes* **visible** *and makes front-page headlines, such as when the nation was rocked by the uncovering of the massacre at My Lai, the publication of the secret Pentagon Papers and the ITT loan scandal.*

But a surprising amount can be known all along about the **hidden news** through patient fitting together of scraps and bits of information.

A lone, courageous Washington journalist has been doing exactly that for over four years. He is Tristram Coffin, author of the semi-monthly newsletter, **Washington Watch.**

Mr. Coffin is a relentless news detective. He searches through newspapers and magazines from all over the world the way a criminal investigator searches a robbed room for fingerprints.

He spends countless hours sifting through such widely varied publications as: Washington Post . . . LeMonde of Paris . . . the Christian Science Monitor . . . the Tokyo weekly Syukan Sinte . . . the Congressional Quarterly . . . the New York Times . . . Nation . . . the Soviet Defense Ministry newspaper Red Star . . . Manchester Guardian . . . the Texas Observer . . . Der Spiegel — to name just a few.

A sentence here, a paragraph there, a revealing quote, are seized, clipped and fitted into a meaningful pattern of events that escape most casual readers.

While the news media were busily reporting the surface pomp and circumstance of Nixon's visit to China, Coffin gave the readers a different perspective.

"China," he reported, "is trying to drag the U.S. into its struggle with Russia as a military and political ally." "This would give China time to arm itself for a full-scale war with the U.S.S.R. Peking is rushing nuclear, missile, and underground shelter programs with the military apparently in charge."

Ross Terrill tells of his conversation with Chinese leaders and says: *"Kissinger's alleged hostility to the Soviet Union struck them as one of his most positive attitudes."*

In the same issue of Watch, you would have learned . . .

. . . the ill-fated Chou-Nixon scheme for rescuing Yahya Khan.

. . . how Chou's opposition in China's internal power struggle blames Chou for betraying the people in the Pakistan crisis.

. . . the Pentagon's plan for a new nuclear sub race with the Russians which could cost $100 billion.

. . . a German news publications' view of trends in the U.S. suggesting that fascism has "a good chance of coming to power in America by democratic means."

Until recently, **Washington Watch** was published by Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace and Reordering National Priorities.

Now a permanent non-profit organization has been formed to make certain that Tris Coffin's work can be carried on regardless of the course of events.

Most business newsletters cost $45 to $75 a year and cover only a limited area. **Washington Watch** covers the whole world and costs a modest $1 a month or $12 a year for 24 issues sent by *First Class Mail.*

Until **Washington Watch** becomes fully self supporting, we are asking $2/month or $24/year (that's how much it costs now) from those who can afford it.

A growing number of opinion leaders — editors, writers, educators, Senators, scholars, religious leaders — are using **Washington Watch** as a resource, thanks to friends who bought subscriptions for them.

If at least five opinion makers in every community across America received **Washington Watch** twice a month (by First Class Mail) it can make a crucial difference in the outcome of coming elections.

A well informed public opinion at the grass roots is **vital** to save America. Washington simply cannot be moved without it.

Sincerely yours,

Shrikumar Poddar

Shrikumar Poddar, *Publisher*
Washington Watch, Inc.

Mail To: WASHINGTON WATCH,
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— Clark Clifford

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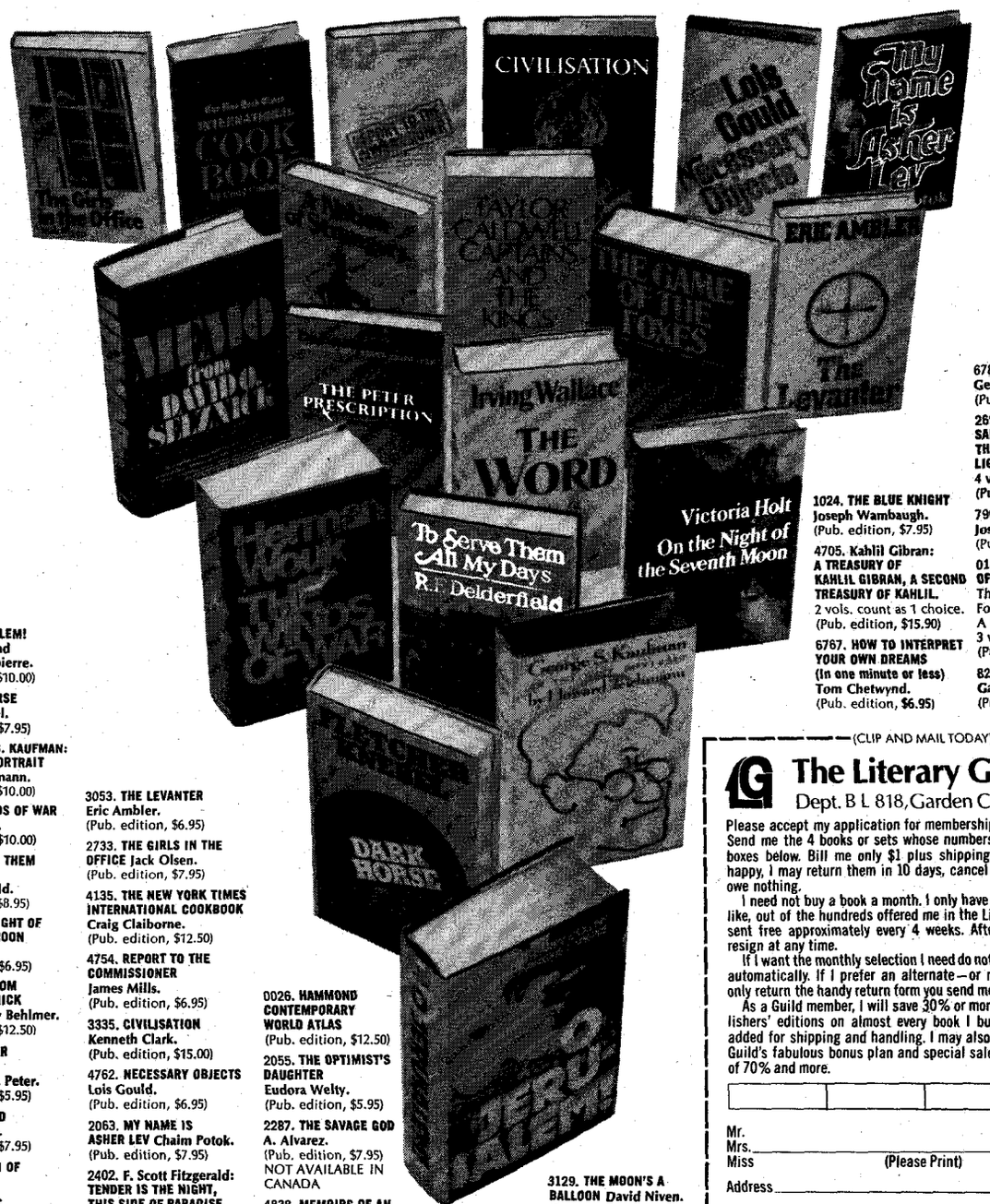

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Some very special things are happening to TV this fall.

Seldom in the history of television has there been such an abundance of specials on such a variety of subjects.

On the television "stage" there'll be Neil Simon's *The Trouble With People,* five new comedy sketches; Kaufman and Ryskind's ageless political satire, *Of Thee I Sing;* the original drama, *The Hands of Cormac Joyce.*

Jacques Cousteau continues his undersea explorations with *The Smile of the Walrus.*

For children, there will be a broad range of both educational and just-plain-fun programming, including *The Last of the Curlews,* the first in an innovative series of after-school specials. There'll be adaptations of children's classics and a young people's Philharmonic concert.

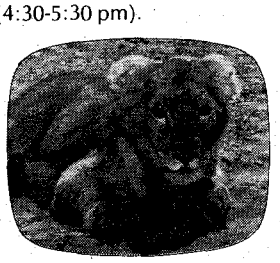
And, culminating with election-night coverage, local and national campaigns will be spotlighted in up-to-the-minute coverage.

A more complete sampling is shown below.

You might say television makes every week in October and November a very special week.

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Haydn, Ravel. Sunday, Oct. 1 (5-6 pm).

Last of the Curlews. ABC Afterschool Special about last species of Eskimo bird. Wednesday, Oct. 4 (4:30-5:30 pm).



The Lion at World's End. Bell System Family Theatre—Story of "Christian," a lion. Friday, Oct. 20 (8-9 pm).

The Fabulous Country. The American Experience—Documentary on America's early years. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

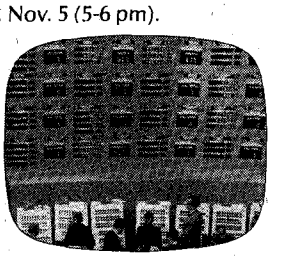
Smithsonian Adventure: 99 Days to Survival. Re-creation of 1869 trip down Green and Colorado Rivers. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm).

Of Thee I Sing. Pulitzer-winning musical starring Carroll O'Connor, Cloris Leachman, Jack Gilford, others. Tuesday, Oct. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Australian animated version of Stevenson classic. Sunday, Oct. 29 (5-6 pm).

You're Elected, Charlie Brown. Charlie runs for class president. Sunday, Oct. 29 (7:30-8 pm)

Robin Hood. Sherwood Forest revisited. Sunday, Nov. 5 (5-6 pm).

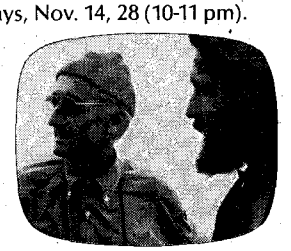


Election Coverage. All networks. Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Flip Wilson/Geraldine. Animated special. Sunday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8 pm).

The Trouble With People. Bell System Family Theatre—Original five-sketch comedy by Neil Simon starring George C. Scott, Alan Arkin, others. Sunday, Nov. 12 (9-10 pm).

America. Alistair Cooke narrates series: The New Found Land; Home From Home. Tuesdays, Nov. 14, 28 (10-11 pm).



The Smile of the Walrus. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Study of migrations of once-endangered species. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

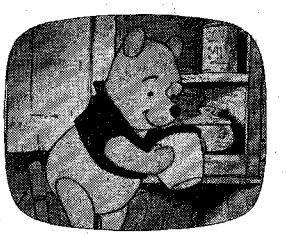
Burt Bacharach Special. An hour with top contemporary composer. Guests: Sammy Davis, Jr., Anthony Newley. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Hands of Cormac Joyce. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of an Irish fisherman. Starring Stephen Boyd, Colleen Dewhurst. Friday, Nov. 17 (8:30-10 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Animated version of Defoe novel. Thursday, Nov. 23 (12-1 pm).

The Jerry Lucas Super Kids Day Magic Jamboree. 3 hours of fun in which youngsters will learn about science, numbers, words, etc. Friday, Nov. 24 (10 am-1 pm).

The Prince and the Pauper. The Mark Twain tale. Sunday, Nov. 26 (5-6 pm).



Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Sebastian Cabot narrates animated version of A. A. Milne story. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8-8:30 pm).

The Man Who Came to Dinner. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New presentation of Kaufman-Hart play, starring Orson Welles and Lee Remick. Wednesday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/ The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Tuesday: NBC Reports/ First Tuesday (monthly)

Wednesday: ABC After School Special (1st Wed. of each month)

Saturday: In the News/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/ Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With A Giant/ CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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What we are, sort of.

The New Leader is a biweekly magazine of uncommon news and provocative opinion that has been called "an underground journal on glossy stock by and for the world's intellectual, political and cultural heretics."

Every two weeks we open our pages to an upper caste of characters who range geographically from Willy Brandt to Milovan Djilas to Juan Bosch. Politically from Michael Harrington to Edward Kennedy to Daniel Moynihan.

This isn't life so the best things are free.

What we give them is total freedom to say what they want, plus an audience that will reflect intelligently, and answer in kind. And that's all we give them.

"One little economy that The New Leader practices is to pay nothing for its contributions. The result, as you might not expect, is consistently good writing and a superior intellectual content."
Phillip Wagner, Philadelphia Bulletin

So our writers feel free to prick the shibboleths, the dogma, the doctrinaire togetherness of any and all groups, including the liberal community that is actually their political home base.

Show these to a knee-jerk liberal and watch him kick.

Most of our regular columnists are members in good/bad standing of the liberal press, because of their habit of saving a shaft or two for our side, to wit:

Richard Margolis did a devastating job on the Yevtushenko/Eugene McCarthy and Pals Madison Square Garden Jamboree that included this:

"The moment Yevtushenko heard about the tragedy (the bombing of impresario Sol Hurok's offices), he rushed to the scene of the crime, inspected the debris and announced he was writing a poem to commemorate the disaster. Millions thrilled to the news."

And in the midst of a scathing denunciation of John Mitchell's Justice Department, Walter Goodman wrote something guaranteed to cool the cockles of a lot of the hearts that go out to The New Leader.

"An enlightened district attorney, glancing over the evidence against Father Philip Berrigan and his disciples, would have had them shipped to juvenile court with the recommendation that they be put out for adoption in wholesome homes where they could be kept from temptation by FBI informers and by each other."

For a change of pace, here's Andy Glass showing how a New Leader writer can be good **without** being bad, and why he is nonpareil in making arcane subjects understandable.

"In a cause-and-effect process, the financial communities in both Europe and Japan are once more betting against the Administration's ability to cope with financial problems. The freshly devalued dollar is being sold short without remorse in nearly every foreign capital.

"This is a brutal business, somewhat akin to one's telling a former mistress that he will again return her love if she makes herself more beautiful, and then spurning her once she has done so."

And from the back, Kitman rants, Simon raves, and Pearl Bell writes beautifully about some who do and some who don't.

The rear end of The New Leader expresses a simple point of view: If something isn't as good as it could be, it's bad. For example:

Marvin Kitman vs. Helen Gurley Brown: **"Predictably, she turns the conversation to sex. Sometimes I wish Miss Brown would just take a cold shower."**

John Simon vs. "The Godfather": **"Brando has a weak, gray voice, a poor ear for accents, and an unrivaled capacity for hamming things up by sheer underacting."**

Pearl Bell vs. Philip Roth: **"Humor these days runs to the attenuated malice of the put-down, which is to satire as a banana peel is to an epigram."**

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TRB

from Washington
September 30, 1972

The New Morality

Sitting here in Washington we always think we are lucky. Here we are, day after day, watching the fascinating machinery by which the intricate and unstable US social structure is maintained, with the rich getting richer, the poor getting milked, and the politicians putting on the shadow plays which sustain the whole superb performance.

This is one of the great moments of the drama. The President's popularity is soaring; polls show that the public thinks he is sportive, fun-loving and playful. A regular prankster. This is a moment, too, in which they are recycling Vice President Agnew of whom it was not previously known that he was biodegradable; he is between images; he is changing his skin; he is about to emerge as a portentous man of dignity, worthy and willing to receive the torch from Mr. Nixon in 1976. Did he ever say a harsh word about anybody? Did he ever liken radical-liberals to "those who indulged in the Nazi excesses in the late '20s or early '30s"? Goodness no; or, if he did, it was in the inexperienced days of his incumbency; surely pardonable in his new presence.

Sometimes performers in the show are a bit incautious. On this Russian wheat deal, for example, it is simply taken for granted that the interested parties, the tycoons, the campaign contributors, be tipped off in advance. Not the public, of course; not the wheat growers. In this case, as a perfectly routine matter a man from the Department of Agriculture about 11:30 am on August 23 began telephoning exporters: Cargill, Inc., Continental Grain Co., Bunge Corp., Cook Industries, Inc., Louis Dreyfus Corp. and Carnac Grain Co. They may have made a few hundred million out of it but who knows? The thing is the government is run for their interest. Like Lockheed, you know, or ITT, or Mr. Connally's Texas oil contributors.

That theme runs through so much of Washington. Here's a letter from William A. Powell, president of Mid-America Dairymen, explaining to a member why dairy organizations had anted up $300,000 to GOP fund-raising committees. As the dairy checks came in, Secretary Hardin (March 25, 1971) suddenly announced that he had reversed positions and he would raise milk price supports from $4.66 to $4.96 per hundredweight (a boon worth about half a billion dollars to the dairy industry). In a confidential letter later made public, Powell said "We must have friends in government. . . .Whether we like it or not, this is the way the system works."

Exactly; a wink, a smile, that's the way the thing works. Dishonest? Well, you can't prove anything. The new campaign contributions disclosure law went into effect April 7; it would have been terribly embarrassing for all contributors to Mr. Nixon's hoped-for $45 million campaign kitty to have their names in print, so $10 million was rushed in just before the deadline. There's a jolly audacity about it which any but the squeamish will relish. It was legal, wasn't it? Mr. Nixon is so fun-loving; he probably roars with laughter over it.

Maurice Stans was fund-raiser for Mr. Nixon in 1968 and knew all the businessmen; then he became secretary of commerce, where he knew just what the businessmen wanted; now he is back collecting funds for Mr. Nixon again from the businessmen. Who can object to that? It's the way things are done here in Washington, a city where the architecture always seems so much more noble than the people.

Who knows whether there was a sly wink in the Lavelle affair? General Lavelle ordered unauthorized bombings in North Vietnam and was subsequently punished; poor chap, he was forced to retire on a $25,000 pension. That will learn him! But why blame the poor soldier? In a city where so much is done by a nod and a nudge how was he to know what rules were to be obeyed and which broken?

Take another example, the delightful Watergate Caper. There was a time when the public might have got mildly irked over what Stewart Alsop calls "the scariest and nastiest thing that has happened in Washington since Joe McCarthy was in his heyday." How old-fashioned! – nobody gets upset anymore. We have had ten years' conditioning by Vietnam in the new morality; remember how we were told about the brave little people in Saigon where they had real elections and freedom of the press and everything? What a splendid little fellow Thieu was made to appear (he rigged the election, abolished self-government and suppressed the newspapers). A nation that is taught to swallow lies like this, and is willing to spend 50,000 young lives for it, isn't going to make much fuss over the Watergate bugging. Two former White House assistants were involved in it, drawing part of their funds from the singular Stans bookkeeping operation where he kept $320,000 in "petty cash" in an office safe. So what? As Bernard Barker, leader of the bugging gang said in an interview in *The New York Times*, "It's the way it is. Everybody that does it knows about it."

Yes, that's the new morality. Fund-raiser Maurice Stans is quoted as asking businessmen for a political tithe of one percent gross income as a minimum GOP contribution. It's to preserve free enterprise: "That's a low price to pay every four years," he is quoted as saying.

It takes practice to achieve these effects. In Mr. Nixon's celebrated "Philadelphia Plan" he proposed quotas for Negroes in government construction projects but now he suddenly denounces "quotas" because Jewish groups dislike them. How does he explain the switch? Simple: he didn't set "quotas" in Philadelphia, he set "goals.". . . Or take welfare reform. Mr. Nixon's famous 1969 plan would have doubled the number of people on welfare and put a floor under income – the silly liberals were ecstatic! But now, presto chango, he denounces income maintenance and says that "the welfare ethic destroys character."

This is politics at a new level. We have seen Presidents before who ran on their promises, or who ran against opponents' promises, but never till now a President who ran against his *own* promises. Only a master in the art could repeatedly moisten our eyes with his story of poor little Tanya, the Russian war orphan, and simultaneously set his B-52 bombers methodically to making Tanyas all over Vietnam. These Tanyas, of course, are dark-skinned.

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Wheat Harvest

The secrecy surrounding the unprecedented sale to the Soviet Union of 400 million bushels of wheat, or one-fourth of the US crop, could ripen into a campaign issue as embarrassing to Republicans as the Watergate bugging. Senator McGovern has asked President Nixon to suspend Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz and other officials who participated in the wheat deal, charging that they apparently passed inside information to large grain exporters who negotiated the sales. The traders—Cargill, Continental, Bunge, Cook, Dreyfus and Carnac—deny they made windfall profits through tip-offs. The President has ordered an FBI investigation. Poor FBI. Its immediate boss is Mr. Nixon's appointee; its nominal boss is the attorney general, whose real boss is the President, whose secretary of agriculture Butz is. Should we ask the FBI to put its heart into a hunt for hanky-panky in realms above it?

Whether or not Butz, an old pal of agribusiness, and his colleagues were too cosy with the exporters, the Department of Agriculture politically bungled the historic one billion dollar-plus sale of wheat, corn and soybeans. First of all, it withheld a controversial report from the public on the disastrous dimensions of Russian grain failures this year, thus keeping farmers in the dark and preventing some from getting maximum prices for their grain. They don't like that. After the full extent of the Russian buying became apparent, prices jumped 30 percent. Butz' claim that the farmers knew as much as his department did about the magnitude of Russian purchases is either untrue or an unflattering confession of bureaucratic ineptitude. Producers also are angry because they lost an estimated $68.4 million in wheat payments. Farm law shrinks the government subsidy as market prices rise. Suspicious ties between grain dealers and the Department of Agriculture have sparked investigations by congressional committees and the General Accounting Office. The intimations of collusion add weight to McGovern's attacks, which have centered on the very issues souring the sweet smell of the wheat sale—government credibility, conflict of interests, secrecy in high places, favoritism for corporate giants and scorn for small farmers. How did it all come about?

On July 8 Agriculture announced that the administration had extended a $500 million line of credit at six and one-eighth percent

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interest to the Russians in exchange for their agreement to buy $750 million in US grains over three years, including $200 million the first year. That was fine. But the farm organizations and farm bloc Democrats accuse the department of providing bargain basement prices to the Russians by raising its export subsidy for the grain companies through July and much of August. The National Farmers Union says the worldwide scarcity of wheat means the US could have sold to the Russians at much higher prices. Moreover, private traders selling to Russia, according to the NFU, may have reaped as much as $100 million in windfall profits by carefully timing their purchases and export subsidy applications. The subsidy is roughly equivalent to the difference between the domestic price and the lower world price.

After huge Soviet purchases pushed world wheat prices up and consumers and bakers' groups began complaining about mounting prices for flour and the possibility of higher bread prices, the department woke up. On August 25 it announced it was abandoning its efforts to keep the export price of US wheat at $1.63 a bushel. At the same time, Agriculture offered a nine-cent supplement to the prevailing subsidy of 38 cents a bushel, retroactive for export sales made through August 24, and gave grain companies until September 1 to get the higher subsidy on any old sales of hard red winter wheat, the bulk of the Russian purchases, not yet certified for a subsidy. The date is important. Democrats charge that Charles Pence, director of the department's export grain division, gave notice of the impending policy change before the close of business August 24 to the six principal exporters of wheat to the Soviet Union, enabling them to make quick sales to qualify for the special subsidy. Pence acknowledges calling these exporters and other such firms (he does not explain why he called them), but he and Carroll Brunthaver, assistant secretary for international affairs and commodity programs, maintain that the timing of their announcement *prevented* the traders from making unfair profits.

Butz, one of Nixon's most vocal campaign surrogates, says there is "not a single shred of evidence" to back up McGovern's charges and that neither Agriculture nor private traders knew the Russians would buy in such large quantities until early August. (The Soviets were cautious in their initial estimates of their grain needs.) Butz defends the exporters' rights to "legitimate profits" and warns that the alternative is state monopoly trading.

But while the Russian grain deal was being planned, an odd game of musical chairs was being played in and out of Agriculture. Top government officials moved into the hierarchy of major grain firms and agribusiness executives moved into the department. In June Clarence Palmby, then assistant secretary of agriculture, quit to become a vice president of Continental Grain Co., the largest participant in the Soviet deal. He was replaced by Brunthaver who came from Cook Industries. Clifford Pulvermacher left as manager of the department's export marketing service the same month to become the Washington representative for Bunge. *That* job was open because George Shenkin had left Bunge in January to become Pulvermacher's assistant at Agriculture. To round things out, William Pearce, vice president of Cargill, resigned last December to become the White House special representative for trade negotiations. Is Nixon's Department of Agriculture on loan to the giant grain companies?

Palmby says Continental's first $500 million sales agreement with the Russians was made July 5, three days before conclusion and without knowledge of the US-Soviet credit agreement, and that he had "no active part" in the negotiations. But Palmby (and Pulvermacher) accompanied Butz to Moscow in April to negotiate the terms for the purchase of US grains. Cargill says that its estimated after-tax profits on the Russian sales will be less than one percent of sales. Perhaps the FBI can check on that next year.

Other links between grain firms and the administration have come to light. A spot check of General Accounting Office campaign records ordered by Representative Benjamin Rosenthal (D, NY) shows contributions to Nixon reelection committees from officials of four grain firms in excess of $10,000. This is on top of $30,000 from the Andreas family of the grain firm of Archer-Daniels-Midland of Decatur, Illinois. The comptroller general is checking for other contributions from grain traders. Adding to the clubby atmosphere, department-industry grain advisory committees, whose members include Cargill, were briefed on prospects of increased US trade with Russia and China during the American-Soviet grain talks.

The administration has been criticized for not treating wheat as a "bargaining chip" by which to win some concession from the Russians in Indochina or the Middle East. It's the familiar Cold War line—use anything as political bait or bludgeon. Nixon ought not to be faulted for negotiating on a straight commercial basis: we have and sell, you want and buy. The probability of future large commodity transactions with the Soviet Union and China does, however, call for a tougher government policy toward private traders. The department should require the firms to disclose export sales terms, which the department should make public to guard against excessive profits for giant exporters. If, as some economists believe, the Russians are still underestimating their wheat needs, the department will be headed for more trouble next year when new farm legislation is considered by Congress. Continuing US sales to Russia and others could cause domestic shortages. If this happens, urban legislators will be tempted to attack the farm subsidy program for causing high consumer prices, while it pays farmers not to produce.

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What Comes to the Top?

In the primaries the voters retired four of the 21 standing committee chairmen of the House—Celler of Judiciary, Aspinall of Interior, McMillan of the District of Columbia Committee, Miller of Science and Astronautics. Two other chairmen are retiring (Colmer of Rules and Garmatz of Merchant Marine and Fisheries). Their likely successors in the three most powerful positions, if the Democrats keep control of the House, are Haley of Florida (Interior), Rodino of New Jersey (Judiciary), Madden of Indiana (Rules). None is a stranger to the institutional labyrinth. All rose to the top through the old seniority system, so beloved by the old Democrats. On 12 key votes singled out by this journal in its analysis of the 91st Congress two years ago, we agreed slightly more often with Rodino than with Celler, faulting Rodino for his votes on the military budget and civil liberties and Celler on his votes on the ABM, the military budget and farm subsidies. The only vote among the 12 analyzed on which Haley scored a plus was his support for overriding President Nixon's veto of an appropriation for the Department of Housing and Urban Development. He voted for the ABM and the SST. Haley is 73 and no more promising than Aspinall, who cared more for commerce than conservation. Colmer of Rules, who is 82, scored a goose egg on our voting record; we agreed with his likely successor, Madden who is 80, on 10 of 12 votes. The District of Columbia Committee should show a dramatic change. Representative McMillan of South Carolina treated the nation's capital as if it were his plantation. He incurred the hostility of Washington's majority black population and fought home rule. His successor, Charles Diggs, is a younger (50) urban black who represents Detroit in the House and has a liberal voting record.

If there's a common thread in the defeat of the quartet of chairmen it is age; all are over 70 and were beaten by opponents in their 30s. Some had lost touch with large elements of their constituencies; others, like Aspinall, were also victims of redistricting.

Should the Republicans take over the House in a Nixon landslide, it would be a different ball game. Under new rules of the Republican Conference, seniority is no longer the sole determinant of chairmanships. The Republican Conference votes for ranking members, though a senior member who wants the job still, as a practical matter, has the edge. The two most senior Republicans at the beginning of the second session of the 92nd Congress on the Judiciary Committee are out of contention. McCulloch of Ohio is not running for reelection and Poff of Virginia quit the House to become a judge. Third in line is Edward Hutchinson of Michigan, one of the more archaic members of his state's delegation and active neither on the floor nor in committee in his five terms in the House. John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania is the senior Republican on the Interior Committee. He's regarded as a strong environmentalist by his Republican colleagues, though there are coal mining interests in his district (deep mining not strip mining). The now ranking Republican on the Rules Committee, H. Allen Smith of California, is not running for reelection, so tradition, though not the new rules, would favor John B. Anderson of Illinois, chairman of the Republican conference and a moderate with a pro-civil rights record (he has voted against every antibusing amendment that has come up in the House). He is regarded as a shoe-in for reelection, but predicting chairmanships at this point in the campaign is chancy, since the whole House is up for grabs November 7.

Shell Game

Are we getting the lead out? The demise of Shell's 91 octane unleaded gasoline and substitution of 96 octane super regular leaves only Amoco fighting the lead-free battle on the national scene. Paradoxically, this comes when most of the majors are completing refining facilities for supplying 93 octane unleaded gas to meet anticipated 1974 government regulations. Until these become law, the oil companies intend to continue the more profitable lead additive route to higher octane fuel.

Many oil companies introduced low and unleaded gasoline in the wave of environmental me-tooism in mid-1970. They believed Edward Cole, GM's president, when he said that 1971 and later car models would run on lower octane fuel. However, they soon learned that cars leave the factory needing as low as 88 octane fuel and run well at first, but after a little driving require 93 or higher octane.

Disgruntled new car owners often blame their woes on unleaded gasoline and not on the car. They find that their antipollution devices and low-compression engines reduce gas mileage and they don't realize that unleaded gas actually increases mileage. It is the modern car and not unleaded fuel which forced gas sales up seven percent this year.

Unleaded 91 octane gasoline was a boondoggle from the start. The companies made little effort to sell the stuff and saw a chance to raise prices on what was simply regular gasoline minus a cent's worth of lead additive per gallon. Environmental Protection Agency officials were incensed when the majors overpriced the unleaded low octane gas and then said consumers didn't want it. This practice went relatively unnoticed because of the already highly confused gasoline price picture. Gasoline prices vary immensely both regionally and seasonally. A recent *New York Daily News* survey showed a price range from 27.9 to 49.9 cents a gallon. Representative John Dingell (D, Mich.) who is

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trying to unravel the gasoline tangle remarks, "How come a product worth 36 cents on Monday is worth 22 cents the following day?" Gasoline prices may be in for further fluctuation due to this summer's fuel shortage. Average pump prices may double in this decade.

Even though unleaded fuel requires more crude oil to produce, the current gas shortage cannot be blamed on lead-free gas, for it has never accounted for more than three percent of the majors' sales. Rather, the oil companies are playing a waiting game. Only one refinery is being constructed (Mobil's Joliet plant) in this country. Privately, the majors know the lead battle is lost and are busy converting existing facilities to make higher octane unleaded products when required by law. Until then, they intend to mix the high octane stock with lead.

The unforeseen rise in octane requirements and gasoline consumption is accompanied by increasing consumption of tetraethyl lead (TEL) (see *TNR*, Nov. 21, 1970). The amount of TEL per gallon actually fell in 1971, but recent increased fuel consumption wiped out these losses. The latest reported monthly TEL sales were the highest since July 1970. Almost 18 million more pounds of lead were used in gasoline additives in the first half of 1972 than 1971. This practice continues while the federal government procrastinates over its proposed lead phase-out schedule.

The oil industry is mum about current lead usage. It prefers to shift attention to current fuel shortages and blame governmental import policies and environmentalists who challenge pipelines, offshore oil development, ports for supertankers and new refinery locations. Official industry policy is that lead is the most profitable means of raising octane numbers; public health be damned. So there is more and more lead in the air, in dirt children play in, and in human bloodstreams.

Cracks in the Cement

The failure of the nation's highway program to satisfy total transportation needs, especially in cities, is well known. A system designed in 1956 to build roads through the countryside is an anachronism in a nation 75 percent of whose people live in urban areas and need mass transit. Until lately this truth was not so obvious to Congress, which funds the Federal Aid Highway program. It was listening to other voices—the auto and truck manufacturers, the oil and road construction industries. But on September 19, the Senate finally moved toward modern transportation planning and by a 48 to 26 vote approved use of $800 million a year by the states for transportation systems other than highways—the first time the Highway Trust Fund, built up from taxes on gasoline and auto products, has been so tapped. An amendment sponsored by Senators Cooper (R, Ky.) and Muskie (D, Maine) permits the states to use the money for mass transit rail lines.

There were other victories. The Senate bill (the House is still working on its version) provides dollars for buses and bus lanes. The effectiveness of speedy bus routes has been shown in Washington, DC area, where more commuters now get into the city by highway buses than by car. Another provision allows state highway departments, along with city mayors, to decide whether highways that have been approved but not built, should be scrapped and the federal money allocated to mass transit. This means that money slated for dodos like the Chicago Crosstown Expressway could be transferred to the Chicago Transit Authority.

Of course, the highway lobby is not dead. The Senate missed its big opportunity when it turned down the plan of Senators Kennedy (D, Mass.) and Weicker (R, Conn.) to reduce the annual allocation for highway construction from $4 billion to $3 billion, which is all that could be spent under current plans anyway. But the amendment would also have freed $2.3 billion for next year and $2.8 billion for fiscal year 1975 for mass transit. Though he lost, Kennedy was probably partly responsible for the success of Cooper-Muskie. A phone call from Kennedy placed from McGovern's campaign plane last week persuaded majority leader Mansfield to delay action on Cooper-Muskie for a week, giving environmentalists and mass transit advocates time to get their ducks in a row. It saved the compromise measure.

The vote on the highway bill also turned up a couple of demons, Senators Bentsen (D) and Tower (R) of Texas, who managed to get Public Works Committee Chairman Randolph (D, W.Va.) to support construction of a freeway through Brackenridge Park in San Antonio. Originally, they wanted state highway departments to be allowed to divide federal aid highway projects into segments and fund portions of these roads through state funds alone. This would have permitted states to finance sections of controversial roads, as in the Vieux Carre in New Orleans; the states would not have had to comply with federal laws such as the National Environmental Policy Act and the Transportation Department's own procedures on public hearings and other protections for citizens. A federal appeals court had halted the highway through Brackenridge Park, because the Texas Highway Department had failed to submit an environmental impact statement as required; nor had it presented "feasible and prudent" alternatives to routing the highway through a park, as required under section 4(f) of the 1966 Transportation Act. The approved Bentsen-Tower amendment sidesteps this court order. It also sets precedent for special legislation on other stymied roads and other public works projects, such

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as atomic power plants. As Senator James Buckley (Cons., NY) said, in his ill-fated attempt to defeat the amendment, it is ". . . the first step in an unending process of undermining on a case-by-case basis the environmental protection statutes which we now recognize as essential to safeguard the country's environment." Those are the words of a true conservative.

The Jackson Amendment

On September 14, the Senate, after six weeks' debate approved the interim offensive arms limitation agreement by a vote of 88-2, but it was not identical to the agreement Nixon and Brezhnev had signed in Moscow. The Senate added to it the controversial Jackson amendment that "urges and requests the President to seek a future treaty that, *inter alia*, would not limit the United States to levels of intercontinental strategic forces inferior to the limits provided for the Soviet Union." On the amendment the vote was 56-35. The House had approved the agreement without amendment, so a Senate-House conference committee has been convened to reconcile the difference. Because six of the seven Senate conferees voted against the amendment, it is not expected to survive. Senator Jackson, however, is not concerned. He has put the Senate on record stipulating that any arms limitation treaty be based upon equal numbers of missiles. This stipulation is not binding, but since two-thirds of the Senate must give its "advice and consent" to any future treaty, the next President cannot be indifferent to Jackson's notion of nuclear equality. Moreover, if the Soviet Union takes the amendment as an expression of "the sense of the Senate" (Jackson's avowed purpose), it may decide to increase sizably its nuclear forces, as the United States is doing, in order to add to Russia's pile of "bargaining chips" for the second round of talks that opens in Geneva next month.

When the SALT agreements were signed in Moscow on May 26, Henry Kissinger told newsmen: "It is foolish or shortsighted to approach the negotiations from the point of view of gaining a unilateral advantage. Neither nation will possibly put its security and its survival at the hazard of its opponent and no agreement that brings disadvantage to either side can possibly last and can possibly bring about anything other than a new circle of insecurity." When President Nixon spoke to members of Congress at a White House briefing on June 15, he told them: "I have noted a great deal of speculation about who won and who lost in the negotiations. I have said that neither side won and neither side lost. As a matter of fact, if we were to really look at it very, very fairly, both sides won, and the whole world won." Those who share these views are at a loss to explain the administration's support of an amendment that runs contrary to them.

Although the offensive arms limitation agreement permits the Soviet Union to have larger numbers of land-based and submarine-based ballistic missiles, the US has twice as many warheads, and its MIRV programs (untouched by the treaty) are adding to that arsenal at the rate of *three warheads a day*. By 1977 the United States is expected to have four times as many nuclear warheads as the Soviet Union. Jackson asserts that the Soviet Union may develop a MIRV capability at "any moment" and thus catch up with our technological and numerical lead in warheads. Perhaps he will prove right, he has given them an additional incentive to do so, but the future is no more revealed to the junior senator from Washington than it is to the rest of us. Suppose he is wrong. If the Soviet Union does not develop and deploy MIRVs before the interim agreement expires in 1977, a second interim agreement that might close somewhat the numbers gap in missiles and warheads would be more conducive to what Jackson calls "a stable international strategic balance" than his pursuit of equal numbers of missile launchers. Had the President been compelled to adhere to Jackson's concept of "equality" during SALT I, it is doubtful that there would have been any offensive arms agreement. The Soviets would never have accepted *both* numerical equality and technological inferiority. Jackson's approach would have been better suited to the years immediately following World War II when, with our nuclear monopoly, we might have "made them an offer they couldn't possibly refuse"—as they say in one currently popular gangster movie. That approach cannot work now because Soviet guns are every bit the match for ours.

There is also some question that Jackson's notion of equality will be satisfied if an offensive arms treaty were to limit each side to identical numbers of missile launchers. In a speech on the floor of the Senate on August 11, Jackson pointed out that the total "throw weight" or payload of Soviet missile forces is "already four times that of the United States." He then suggested "that, over the long run, there is no substitute for equal numbers of launchers *taking account of throw weight differentials.*" [Italics added.] This remark raises a serious question. Come 1977, will Jackson insist upon a new amendment with "equality" defined as *four* American missiles for every Soviet *one?*

The matter is now in the hands of the Senate-House conference committee. If the committee kills the Jackson amendment, as it is expected to do, all agree it will make little difference. The Senate has spoken, the damage has been done. How will it affect the second round of SALT negotiations? It is too soon to know. Will there be an acceleration of the arms race? There will be if Senator Jackson and Secretary Laird have their way. At the moment it is difficult for us to be optimistic. The end of the nuclear arms race which appeared on the horizon in May receded from view this September.

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The Eskimo Lady

The press reports took two days to reach Washington, but the news from "the top of the world" (as Alaskans refer to their northernmost legislative district) was that Brenda Itta, the first woman of Eskimo parentage to file in a primary election, had won. She is a Democrat.

Lest our readers think we regard this event simply as a curiosity, we can assure you that we do not. Alaska's District 19 covers an area larger than the state of California, and in defeating her two male opponents—the closest by 717 to 619—Ms. Itta is reported to have covered more than 10,000 miles by plane (a World War II C-47 which still had bullet holes in the fuselage), riverboat, and on foot to reach some of the district's most isolated residents. She campaigned in two languages: English and the Eskimo dialect, which is the only language most of them speak. (We will have her arduous effort in mind the next time we hear any other politician referred to as an "indefatigable campaigner.") We must confess amusement, however, at *The Washington Post's* characterization of Ms. Itta, who is 28, as "the Eskimo lady." Those who knew her in Washington when she worked for former Alaska Senator Ernest Gruening remember a woman of lively intelligence and stunning beauty—hardly the image of mukluks and igloos conjured up by the *Post's* phrase.

Her constituents, 90 percent of whom are Eskimos, have been caught between the forces of "progress" and "ecology": the former represented by the interests supporting the trans-Alaska oil pipeline and the latter by people concerned with what "progress" might do to Alaska's as-yet-unspoiled environment. One terminus of the pipeline would be located in her district in the oil-rich Prudhoe Bay area, and the millions of dollars in royalties that pipeline would bring the state and its people will have to be balanced against the possible destruction of the land and a way of life that predates by centuries the first white settlers in America.

Because no Republicans sought to win their party's nomination, Ms. Itta's nomination is tantamount to election. Hers will be no easy job. We wish her well.

Making War With the Weather

About half the more than six million tons of bombs we have dropped on Indochina has been aimed at the logistical network of North Vietnam, but it has failed to stop Hanoi from sustaining military operations in South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. North Vietnamese logistics do slog to a stop from early summer to mid-autumn of each year—not because of Nixon but because of nature.

Rains from the southwest monsoon (a moisture-laden wind off the Gulf of Siam) make North Vietnam's intricate road network in Laos impassable from June through October in most years. More dependent on Chinese and Russian trucks than on Vietnamese and Lao backs for supplies and ammunition, North Vietnam's supplies cannot move when the roads turn to mud. This annual phenomenon has long been observed by military officers involved with the air war in Indochina, and more than one general must have pondered: "If God is on our side five months of the year, maybe we should try to help Him those other seven months."

Most of the research on rainmaking is available in scientific journals. *Science* has had many articles in the last two years about weather modification. The technology has been used successfully in the United States to increase precipitation for agriculture and reservoirs, and it has also been used to reduce the severity of hail and rainstorms. Scientists have also significantly increased tropical rainfall through selective cloud seeding.

In the tropics, 10 percent of the days when it rains produce about 50 percent of the rainfall. Little can be done to increase precipitation on these "rainy days"; indeed, seeding clouds on these days is likely to reduce the amount of rainfall. For the remaining 90 percent of the days with rain, cloud seeding can be used to increase cloud size and, hence, increase rainfall. If the seeded cumulus clouds merge, one scientist has estimated that rainfall can be increased by a factor of 10. Choosing which clouds to seed is the critical step in the operation. The Interdepartmental Committee for Atmospheric Sciences reports that in tropical latitudes "the seedability of cumulus clouds can now be predicted by computer models, using as inputs the day-to-day atmospheric soundings and local observations." Information is acquired by radar and other forms of observation, and then the computer chooses which clouds are to be seeded to achieve the maximum rainfall. The computer, however, cannot predict *where* the rain will fall. Unlike the "pinpoint bombing" theoretically possible from aircraft, little can be done to control the location of the increased rainfall. So, cloud seeding in Indochina could be used to increase precipitation, but the rain cannot be precisely directed at military targets, such as a road network.

Cloud seeding could be carried out using the strategy of the B-52: to wit, seed enough clouds and rain is bound to hit something—perhaps, even, the enemy's roads. Massive downpours that wash out roads used by combatants are equally likely to wash out nearby villages, creating serious problems for noncombatants.

To a public that has become acclimated to war atrocities, making rain in Southeast Asia may seem to be of

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only marginal importance. After all, isn't water better than napalm, high explosives and shrapnel?

Scientists are by no means certain that cloud seeding can be used to generate floods, and there is no hard evidence that the military has tried to create floods in Indochina or aggravate natural floods. On the other hand, there is a growing body of *circumstantial* evidence. In March of last year columnist Jack Anderson alleged that the air force had been carrying out rainmaking operations since 1967. This July, Seymour Hersh detailed some of the Pentagon's weather modification activities in Indochina but stopped short of blaming the military for causing floods. *If* the Pentagon has conducted rainmaking operations to induce massive floods, it will be difficult—probably impossible—to prove unless an insider, *à la* Ellsberg, blows the whistle.

Senator Claiborne Pell (D, RI), the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on oceans and international environment, asked the Department of Defense about its weather operations in Indochina. The three-page response he received is a model of detailed irrelevancy. The letter discussed efforts to suppress hail and lightning and to dissipate fog at airfields and harbors. It discussed the gathering of intelligence to learn what weather modification capabilities were possessed by potential adversaries. It said nothing about the alleged use of rainmaking in Indochina, and dismissed large-scale rainmaking by saying: "Massive downpours, far in excess of natural occurrences, have not been produced, and theoretical knowledge at hand indicates that this will probably always be the case." (The hole in that disclaimer is large enough for a seeded cumulonimbus to float through.) Yet, the Pentagon acknowledged the success of its 1969 "precipitation augmentation project" in the Philippines (at the request of Manila) to "alleviate severe drought conditions." That six-month military operation was so successful that the Philippine government has since "taken steps to acquire an independent capability to augment rainfall on an annual basis when required." If rainmaking can cure a severe drought, might it also be able to cause a severe flood?

When North Vietnam was flooded by rains last fall, Hanoi called it "a catastrophe that dwarfs the truly bad flood of 1945." In its *Vietnam Bulletin* of October 4, 1971, the Embassy of the Republic of (South) Vietnam speculated that "the deluge will have the same effects as the disaster of 26 years ago, when at least 1,000,000 persons starved to death." There is nothing on the public record to link American military operations to this flood, but with the widespread concern that American bombing of North Vietnam's dikes—inadvertent or intentional—may have weakened that nation's earthworks to the point where heavy monsoon season rains could breach them, the questions surrounding the alleged use of rainmaking by the United States to cause floods need to be resolved. The Pentagon's refusal to state categorically that it has not caused floods is not reassuring.

International cooperation in weather and climate modification is an idea whose time has come. Averting natural disasters, such as the 1970 flood in East Bengal that took a half million lives, may one day be possible. Nations cooperating to turn deserts into pastures might be able to feed more of the world's hungry. And nations exploiting technology to turn pastures into wasteland will justly earn the opprobrium of civilized people.

The Soviet Union is also interested in weather modification, and while she has publicly disavowed its military use, she has some curious ideas about how to use it for peace. In the November 1971 issue of *20th Century and Peace*, a propaganda organ of the Soviet Peace Committee, there is a short article entitled "Mankind and the Climate" that begins: "Today there exist a host of projects for transforming nature on a gigantic scale. It is proposed, for example, to melt the ice of the Arctic, to change the direction of the rivers and to make considerably greater use of the flow of Solar Energy which reaches the Earth."

Reversing the northern flow of the Ob, Yenisey and Lena that empty into the frozen Arctic would, of course, be a boon to the narrow interests of Soviet commerce, but other nations might view with alarm any plan to melt the polar ice. The Netherlands, for example, has fought for centuries to reclaim land from the sea; melting the Arctic would result in the flooding of her dikes. With the United States and the Soviet Union both embarked on individual schemes to manipulate the weather and climate, there is clearly a need for international control of all national projects which will have effects across borders.

Senator Pell's subcommittee held two days of hearings the last week of July to discuss some of the questions surrounding weather and climate modification. Rainmaking as a weapon of war in Indochina was prominent on the agenda, but the low-ranking State and Defense Department representatives refused to discuss its alleged use. Pell has introduced a resolution that calls upon the President to seek "a proposed treaty prohibiting the use of any environmental or geophysical modification activity as a weapon of war, or the carrying out of any research or experimentation with respect thereto." There are ample precedents for such a step. Making Antarctica a nuclear-free zone and prohibiting nuclear weapons on the seabed were subjects of treaties long before any Soviet or American weapons were introduced there, and as long as there is respect for international law, none will be. President Nixon's unilateral disavowal of biological weapons and the destruction of such weapons before they were ever used is another laudable precedent.

All nations have a common interest in promoting international cooperation to preserve the thin environ-

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mental envelope around the earth. Banning weather modification as an instrument of war would be a good place to start.

Peter J. Ognibene

Where Does It Hurt, General?

One of your friendly neighborhood recruiter's selling points for the military life is the many benefits the armed forces provide their members. Most of these "bennies" are well known—medical and dental care, PX and commissary privileges, legal services, long vacations, reduced airline travel rates. One extra, not advertised, is the tax-free pension, often awarded as a going-away present to retiring general officers. The tax-free pension is actually a compensation for service-connected medical disabilities. Because it is in theory compensation, it is not taxable income as a pension is.

A case in point is General John D. Lavelle. Although he was drawing flight pay and holding the only combat command in the entire US Air Force immediately prior to his retirement, General Lavelle was found to be 70 percent disabled. His annual pension is over $25,000; of that, $23,500 is for his medical disabilities and thus tax-exempt.

Putting aside the question of why the air force thought it appropriate to bestow this gift upon an officer who was, in effect, demoted for disobeying an order of the commander-in-chief, the interesting thing about the Lavelle case is that it's not unique. The disability award, with its concomitant tax exemption, seems to be the rule for retiring general officers. For the 10-year period of 1962-1971, 279 of the 555 air force generals who retired—just over half—had disability ratings. In contrast, the percentage of disability retirements for the air force as a whole has been no higher than 22 percent in recent years. In fiscal year 1972, it was about 15 percent (4929 of 33,282 retirements).

In part this disparity can be explained by the older age at which generals retire. According to Colonel L. W. Shinnick, Jr., the retirement chief in the Military Personnel Center at Randolph Air Force Base, the average age at retirement of generals is 54-55, while for colonels it is 52 and for high-ranking enlisted men 43-45. Also, generals serve "in positions of unusual responsibility and stress," Colonel Shinnick says, "and that makes them particularly prone to cardiovascular and gastrointestinal diseases." The last two men who held the responsible, high-stress position of chief master sergeant of the air force, the air force's top enlisted position, retired with no disability.

Frequently the ailments don't appear until just prior to retirement. A GAO report released by Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) reveals that almost three-quarters of the air force generals who retired with 30 percent or more disability in the last five years received flight pay during the year immediately preceding their retirement. According to the report, the air force finds it plausible that an individual's health might "deteriorate in a short period of time," but Brigadier General Earl W. Brannon, Jr., who retired in 1971 after 25 years service as an air force doctor, says, "that's a bunch of malarkey, key commanders are thoroughly scrutinized from a medical standpoint every year." He pointed out that all members of the armed forces undergo an annual physical examination. Speaking of General Lavelle's case, General Brannon stated that "it is inconceivable from a medical standpoint" that an officer medically fit for flying status could suddenly become 70 percent disabled upon retirement. *If* General Lavelle's health was so bad that he merited a 70 percent disability, he should never even have been on active duty. General Brannon noted that General Lavelle well could have been medically unfit while still on active duty. "It's not unknown for flight surgeons to cover up the defects of their boss to keep him on flight status"; the regular evaluations of the flight surgeon's performance can be affected by his relations with his commanding officer.

It should be noted, however, that under current regulations, a member of the air force can be eligible to fly and still qualify for a disability pension, a situation which General Brannon calls "an incongruity of the first degree—from a medical standpoint it doesn't make any sense." As explained by the air force, "the member's qualification for flying status is determined by application of USAF physical standards for flying and is not subject to the VA schedule for rating disability."

In addition to the peculiar latent quality of the disabilities, their seriousness is also suspect. For example, General Lavelle's disability rating was based on a heart murmur, emphysema and a slipped disc. Says General Brannon, "A cursory medical evaluation indicates that even on a cumulative rating basis, these conditions could not possibly total 70 percent disability."

Admirals seem to be healthier than their brethren in the other services. In 1970, the air force determined that 45 of its 88 retiring generals rated disabilities and the army found physical disabilities in 40 of 83 retiring generals, but only 10 of 36 retiring navy admirals were given disabilities. There also is a slight bias in favor of officers over enlisted men. In fiscal year 1972 the air force awarded disabilities to 16.6 percent of its retiring officers, but only 14.5 percent of the enlisted men had the same good fortune. This could be due entirely to the age differential, but the experience of Major Julian Decter casts some doubt on this hypothesis. Now a civilian, Dr. Decter recently completed a two-year tour

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of duty with the air force. Sitting on a medical evaluation board shortly after reporting for active duty, he found himself in disagreement with the other two physicians on the board, both senior officers. All examinations of retiring servicemen must be approved by the MEB, but air force regulations provide for the filing of a minority report if the three members cannot agree. When Major Decter indicated his intention to do so in the case of a retiring colonel who in his opinion was on the way to an undeserved medical disability, one of the senior members of the board told him that such action would result in his transfer to Vietnam.

The generals are the biggest winners in the retirement sweepstakes. In the air force the procedures surrounding the general officer retirement physical are special from the outset. All physical examinations are given at Malcolm Grow Medical Center (Andrews Air Force Base), "in order to remove the evaluation process from any possible atmosphere of command influence or pressure," the air force says. All military personnel are briefed on the importance of their separation or retirement physical, but generals receive a private briefing at the Pentagon. Only generals are hospitalized during their physicals; they stay in red-carpeted Ward E, the use of which is restricted to generals only. The examination is always done by career officers. Non-career doctors are called in only on a consulting basis, and then they are carefully selected; one young doctor who has gained a reputation for outspokenness has not been consulted on a single general's retirement physical, although he has been at Malcolm Grow for over a year. The examining physician's report must be approved by a three-doctor medical evaluation board. Normally, there is one young non-career officer on this board; when the patient is a general, the MEB members are all career officers. There is nothing covert about any of this. The whole game is an open secret at Malcolm Grow and throughout the air force.

The purpose of the entire disability retirement system has been lost. As the air force points out in the GAO report, Congress provided "for the retirement or separation of members physically unfit to perform the duties of their office, grade or rank" so that the armed forces could "maintain a viable and fit military force." If men like General Lavelle really do have medical disabilities in the 70 percent range and are still serving on active duty, the system has failed.

Perhaps this petty thievery is indicative of something more than favoritism. Perhaps it shows something about the character of the American military profession and those who have ascended to its pinnacle. "What really distresses me," says one young doctor at Malcolm Grow, "is seeing these generals groveling—they really demean themselves—for a few hundred or a few thousand dollars a year. Retirement is a real crisis time in these guys' lives. When they look back at what they've done for 20 or 30 years, they see it's all bullshit. Psychologically, they become cynical and figure, the whole system's a joke, so what the hell—I'll rip it off for a few bucks."

One who did not rip the system off, however, was Brigadier General James A. McDivitt. Last month the former Gemini and Apollo astronaut retired—with no disability. "We were all holding our breaths on that one," said one of the young Malcolm Grow doctors with a smile.

Robert Clarke Brown

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In Search of a Theme

McGovern's Strategy

by Paul R. Wieck

Logan, West Virginia

On September 19, 1960, an underdog candidate for the presidency, John F. Kennedy, spoke at Charleston, West Virginia of his concerns for the people of Appalachia. He had real reason to care for them. It was here in West Virginia, overwhelmingly Protestant, that Kennedy in the spring of 1960 broke the spell his Catholicism had cast over his prospects for the nomination and won the West Virginia primary. Twelve years later, underdog George McGovern drove for almost two hours down a winding, two-lane highway to this small (pop. 3311) community nestled in the heart of the coal country to perform what has become since

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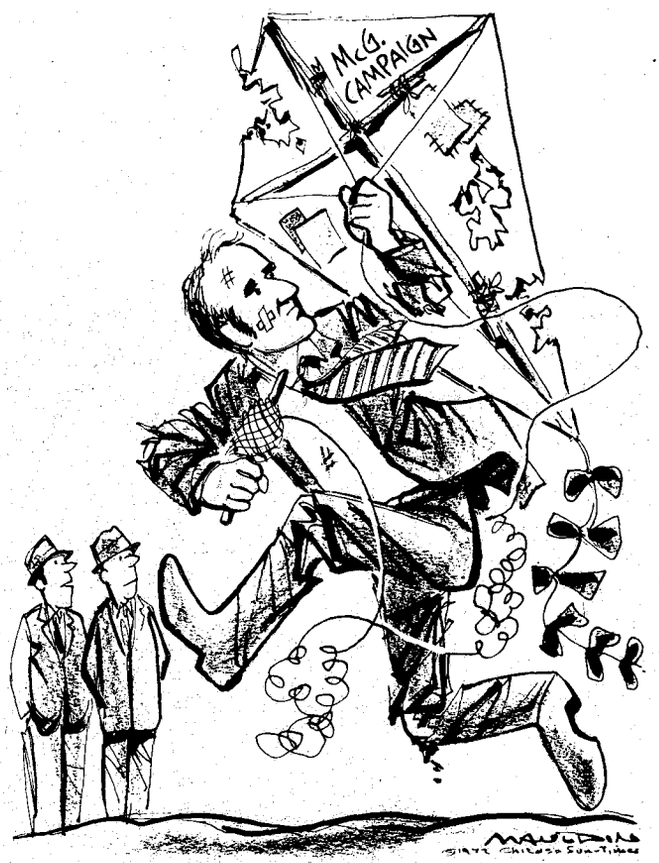
1960 a quadrennial duty for his party's nominee—detail an "agenda" for the mountain people. For weeks he had been trying to break through the gloom cast by incredibly low ratings in the polls. The search took him to Barberton and Chippewa Lake, Ohio and Alameda, California for Labor Day rallies, to New Mexico and the Spanish-speaking, to the corner of State and Madison for a noon rally in Chicago's teeming Loop, from coast-to-coast seeking out Democratic strongholds. Logan is solidly Democratic territory (Humphrey carried the county 3-1 in 1968); McGovern will win here, although his crowd was modest (perhaps 750). But no one would venture to say that McGovern had, at last, broken through the barriers of doubt and apathy.

Publicly, McGovern scoffs at the polls that showed him trailing by 34 points (64-30 in Gallup's, 63-29 in Harris') in mid-September and urges crowds such as the one at Logan not to "look at public opinion polls" but to "look at your own interests and vote Richard Nixon out of office." Privately, the polls have caused outright panic among his strategists, none of whom expected their man to continue to slip. Almost overnight, a candidacy that represented the triumph of the "new politics" floundered. In moments of truth, perhaps over dinner with a close adviser, McGovern's own anguish spills out, his own feeling that somewhere along the line he lost direction, lost the overriding strategy that had rallied the varied elements of protest to his banner. Suddenly one morning he awoke to find himself bloc-building in the tradition of the "old politics," riding down a two-lane highway and back (the trip to Logan consumed better than half a day) or into the mountains of northern New Mexico.



He's sure working the bugs out of it.

It didn't just happen. The McGovern of 1970 and 1971, the man who spoke distinctly on a wide range of public issues, started fuzzing his views well before Miami Beach. His stand on Israel toughened as Jewish voters, "hawkish" on Israel, grew restless over what seemed his too moderate approach. His once unequivocal stands against federal aid to private schools (he now favors tax credits) and on abortion were moderated in the face of threatened defections in the Catholic community, largely ethnic. In both instances, he was responding, at least in part, to the overtures of Nixon toward these important voting blocs.

But McGovern has yet to find a consistent line of attack. One moment he seems to be trying to emulate the Harry Truman of 1948, with his harsh attacks on "special interests"; or he seeks the reflected glory of the Kennedy clan as he stumps the Midwest with Teddy; or he invokes the magic of FDR. He's seldom George S. McGovern, the "prairie populist." Once he was unfairly accused of being a "one issue" candidate because of his stinging rhetoric on the war. Then he declared it was no longer the major issue; the economy had replaced it. Now, on the stump in the final weeks of the campaign, he finds the cheers are the loudest, the longest, when he urges America to "come home from the longest, the most tragic and the cruelest war in the history of this land."

This casting about has blunted his attacks on the most vulnerable target of all—Nixon and his administration. Polls show that one-third of the Nixon vote is "soft." In 1948, Truman hit the "do nothing" Republican Congress. In 1972, McGovern's target is hiding in the White House most of the time; but it is a White House that's plagued by enough scandals in one year (ITT, Watergate, the grain deals) to put the administration in real danger of being labeled the most scandal-ridden of the century.

McGovern *is* zeroing in on this target. Before a large (3000 to 4000), screaming crowd at Marshall University in Huntington, W.Va., the night before he traveled to Logan, he warned that people "caught with burglar tools" at the Watergate "won't hesitate to do it to your law office, your university, your bank or your own home." He chides Nixon's self-enforced isolation, saying "he sneaks out once in a while in his helicopter and drops in somewhere for a few minutes." He ridicules Nixon for failing to use his name on his own reelection material, saying "if my name was Nixon, I'd keep it a secret, too." He accuses him of "breaking more promises" than any President in years and says that "if he has a secret plan for ending

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the war, it's still a secret." He's buoyed by responsive crowds, often flushed out by good advance work. Then, he speaks with more confidence. And yet you go away feeling he isn't quite getting through.

If the candidate and his top strategists seem to be scattering their fire, they have not lost the organizational efficiency that was so marked in the primaries. Take McGovern's media material. Developed by Charles Guggenheim, McGovern TV and radio ads were already having an impact by the time the campaign reached Huntington Sunday evening. They were shown in West Virginia for the first time the previous Friday. McGovern workers were getting reports of "instant conversions." One story, related second or third-hand, was of a woman described as "bitterly opposed" to McGovern until she saw one of the ads. This was a McGovern she liked and she switched. Guggenheim's theme in the three-minute spots is basically a gentle, understanding man who listens to the problems of people.

What if McGovern does start picking up? After all, in September of 1968, George Wallace was coming up so fast (he peaked about Oct. 1) and Humphrey was in such a bad slump there was reason to think the Democratic nominee might limp in third. It was well into October before Humphrey began to get up a head of steam. And unlike Humphrey in 1968, McGovern has a strong devoted grass-roots organization. There are nasty scenes between McGovernites and regulars around the country and a reluctance on the part of many Democratic candidates to tie themselves to McGovern; but that's no worse than 1968, when so many people thought there wasn't that much difference between the candidates.

Perhaps the most important thing going for McGovern is the carefully directed registration campaign headed up by Ann Wexler of Connecticut. By mid-September, some two million new Democrats had been registered and the goal of eight to 10 million looked realistic. No one is better equipped for this job than Ms. Wexler. Throughout 1971 and into 1972, she directed the voting rights project of Common Cause, working systematically to get restrictive laws changed and new court decisions opening up voting rolls.

The McGovernites have concentrated on the disadvantaged in the ghettoes and *barrios*, on the new voters, both on and off the campuses, on the working poor, suburbanites, union members; in short, on what could be considered the natural Democratic constituency. Wherever possible, they've worked with the regular organization, but they've always taken their registration efforts into the community itself, encouraging new people to get their neighbors on the rolls. Out in the states, there are 15 field organizers. Weekly goals are set up and registration funds doled out on the basis of those goals.

Some of the results are stunning. In Philadelphia, the McGovernites were registering 8000 blacks a week until Mayor Frank Rizzo, distressed over this, denied them the use of public schools as registration centers —for "security reasons" during the teachers' strike. The ban only cut it to 6000 per week. Across Pennsylvania, 220,000 had been registered by mid-September, almost halfway to the goal of 500,000. Ms. Wexler predicts they'll add one million new voters in California, even though hundreds of thousands of students were added before the primary. In southern states such as Georgia and Louisiana, coalitions of blacks and students are busy. In Michigan, 83 percent of Detroit is already registered (there, they're working with organized labor). They're making progress in Arizona, New Mexico, Delaware, Illinois, Texas, Iowa.

Before the drive started, an estimated 67 percent of the college students were registered. The McGovernites have set up committees on 3000 campuses and confidently expect to raise that to 85 percent. In Michigan, 10,000 new voters were registered in three days in mid-September, 4000 at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor alone.

Obviously registration is just the first step. Ms. Wexler is quite aware that the candidate has to convince the newly registered to vote for McGovern and the election-day operation has to get them to the polls. But, with 10 million new voters on the rolls (if they reach that, Ms. Wexler thinks McGovern will win), the bodies will be there to haul to the polls in the event there's a McGovern upsurge in October.

The McGovern strategy is clear on one thing. His managers know about electoral votes, can add up to 271 and have targeted their states—the eight or 10 largest plus a few such as West Virginia, Rhode Island and Connecticut with Democratic histories. In perhaps half a dozen (Wisconsin, Michigan, California, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut), he's doing better in the polls than the national average. But he's behind almost everywhere. Over the weekend in West Virginia, it was acknowledged that McGovern is losing the state now. Even in South Dakota, McGovern was down by 16 points in a recent poll.

So it doesn't look hopeful. At the top, key staff members still maneuver for position, often worrying more

COMING: John Osborne leaves off Nixon watching to report on the campaign travels of the Vice President

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about their own image than that of the candidate. Every sign of a new court favorite sets off a rush of supplicants to his or her side. This isn't limited to the McGovern campaign. People inside the reelect the President headquarters in Washington have told me, in disgust, that too many people in positions of power in the Republican campaign spend their daylight hours dreaming about which position they'll have in the second Nixon administration and keep competition at arm's length. It's one of the curses of politics. It's also the joker in most elections. As long as it looks like a Nixon landslide, there's little chance Nixon's troops will prepare themselves psychologically for the demands of a tough, closely fought election in the final days. If McGovern should recover his sense of direction, if he should start articulating themes that evoke a strong response among unhappy voters everywhere, if he should start riding the crest of an upsurge, what would happen at GOP headquarters? The McGovernites are prepared. Is the GOP? Probably not.

How Wealth Is Distributed

The GNP Machine

by Peter Barnes

This association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our times.—Henry George (1880)

What is wealth, who gets it, why? I write as a relatively privileged onlooker (privileged educationally and occupationally) who has lived only off paychecks, filed income tax returns for a decade, passed through booms and recessions (but not a Great Depression), and, as a journalist, seen poverty and riches. I have biases, and they are in favor of equality—or, to put it another way, against the proposition that great extremes of wealth and privilege are desirable or inevitable. The question that seems paramount to me is this: Why, despite wars on poverty, progressive income taxation, relatively high employment and widespread educational opportunity, does the American economy so stubbornly perpetuate inequality?

It is perhaps best to begin with our productive capacity. In barely three centuries we have constructed the world's most magnificent GNP machine. It churns out food and clothing in abundance, a choking profusion of automobiles, a dazzling array of airships, spaceships and electronic brains, and mass-produced gadgetry of every description. The machine produces too much junk and not enough good housing; it has a tendency to underutilize existing plants and leave millions of potential workers idle. But for the sake of our inquiry, let's leave aside these imperfections and ask *not* why it doesn't produce better and more, but why it doesn't distribute more fairly what it produces.

Studies back to the 1920s show that the richest fifth of the population has consistently received at least seven times as much annual income as the bottom fifth. The constancy of the ratio is what startles. It improved slightly during the Depression, when many rich lost their fortunes, and during World War II, when rigid price controls and an excess profits tax were imposed on a labor-starved economy. But since the end of World War II the GNP machine has returned to its old habits. Everyone's income has risen, *but at virtually the same rate*. The latest study (by MIT professors Lester C. Thurow and Robert Lucas, published last March by the Joint Economic Committee) shows that the lowest fifth of the population took home 5.6 percent of America's before-tax earnings in 1969, while the top fifth garnered 41 percent.* In dollar terms, the average income of the top fifth of families in 1969 was $19,071 higher than that of the bottom fifth—a gap

*I have quoted these statistics only because they are the most recent. Another study, published in 1971 by two US Census Bureau economists, Roger A. Herriot and Herman P. Miller, found that the lowest fifth of families and individuals received 3.0 percent of the income distributed in 1968, compared to 48.0 percent for the top fifth. That yields a ratio of 16 to 1. The difference between these and the MIT statistics derives from the broader definition of income used by Herriot and Miller: they include as income such things as realized capital gains, retained corporate earnings, imputed rental value of owner-occupied homes, and under-reported money income.

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that was only $10,565 in 1947. Government taxation, which has a measurable redistributive effect in England and Sweden, does virtually nothing to improve the American before-tax distribution, primarily because the mild progressivity of federal income taxation is all but cancelled by the regressivity of payroll, sales and property taxes. It is as though a giant wedge were jammed in the GNP machine's distributive mechanism: the machine spews out dollars to the rich, dimes to the poor.

Why? The question cannot be answered without examining the different derivations of income: income from labor (salaries and wages), and income from wealth (dividends, interest, rent, royalties, capital gains). Everybody except the infirm or the disabled has the capacity to derive income from labor; but to derive income from wealth you must first own something.

The distribution of wealth has consistently been more inequitable than the distribution of income. In 1810, according to economist Robert Gallman, the top one percent of families owned 21 percent of America's wealth. A century later, in 1915, the US Commission on Industrial Relations reported:

> The ownership of wealth in the United States has become concentrated to a degree which is difficult to grasp. The "Rich," two percent of the people, own 35 percent of the wealth. The "Middle Class," 33 percent of the people, own 35 percent of the wealth. The "Poor," 65 percent of the people, own five percent of the wealth. The actual concentration, however, has been carried much further than these figures indicate. The largest private fortune in the United States, estimated at one billion dollars, is equivalent to the aggregate wealth of 2,500,000 of those who are classed as "poor"...

Today's rich, the top one percent, own roughly 25 percent of all personal and financial assets, according to James D. Smith of Pennsylvania State University—more than eight times the wealth owned by the bottom 50 percent. Again, except during the Depression and World War II, the relative concentration has stayed about the same or worsened.

Even these figures do not show us the whole picture, for the rich and the poor own different kinds of wealth. The great GNP machine has been moderately successful in distributing what might be called inert wealth—homes, automobiles, personal property—which, far from producing income, are a drain on the sturdiest pocketbook. (Even here its success has not been phenomenal: 17 percent of families own no appreciable wealth at all, and another eight percent have a negative net worth—their debts exceed their assets.) Where the GNP machine has failed is in the distribution of income-producing wealth—stocks, bonds, real estate, etc. According to a study published earlier this year by the Sabre Foundation, the top *one* percent of wealthholders in 1962 owned 72 percent of America's corporate stock, 47 percent of outstanding bonds (including virtually all tax-exempt state and local bonds), 24 percent of notes and mortgages, and 16 percent of all real estate (including residences, which is why this figure is relatively low).

Income, which derives from labor and wealth, is distributed unequally in part because some types of labor are better rewarded than others, but to a great degree because income-generating wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few. An analogy might be drawn to the nuclear fission process. The top five percent of American families, who own virtually all the productive wealth, are beneficiaries of a kind of monetary chain reaction. Their wealth splits and divides and multiplies all by itself. The rest of the population owns little else but its labor, and labor deteriorates rather than multiplies in earning capacity. Every so often a lucky labor-owner accumulates a critical mass of wealth and then he, too, can enjoy a monetary chain reaction. But because they are chronically in debt, or earning barely enough to survive, few laborers come near to possessing a critical mass.

David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Pierre Proudhon and of course Karl Marx gave considerable thought to this phenomenon. Marx contended that the root cause of inequality under capitalism was the appropriation by capital-owners of the surplus value created by labor. Henry George came to a different conclusion: he argued that poverty persisted in America because land-owners appropriated from labor and capital-owners the fruits of material progress. Public opinion around the turn of the century, nurtured by Populist and Progressive spokesmen, generally accepted the notion that hardship for the many was at least partly attributable to the accumulation of vast fortunes by a few.

Then a curious thing happened. In the 1920s, partly as a reaction to the Progressive era and partly as a result of World War I, business became America's business, and any suspicion that some patriotic entrepreneur might be appropriating something from somebody else was considered to be in bad taste. There took hold the doctrine of the infinitely expansible pie: no sense fighting over the slices as long as the whole pie is getting bigger. The Depression of the 1930s reinforced this way of looking at the economy, though for different reasons. The prime task of the New Deal was to put people and capital to work making the pie. Production, not distribution, was the obsession, and so it remained during World War II.

Postwar liberals perpetuated this fixation on production; their great fear was that a new depression would put millions out of work. Except for *rarae aves* like Leon Keyserling, who argued that equitable income distribution was a prerequisite of stable growth,

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most liberal economists were content to jiggle the levers of fiscal and monetary policy, letting income trickle down as it might. Public debate centered around such short-range dilemmas as whether to raise aggregate taxes or lower them, loosen the money supply or tighten it. The distribution of wealth was accepted as an unalterable given. By 1958 John Kenneth Galbraith was able to proclaim in *The Affluent Society:* "It has become evident to conservatives and liberals alike that increasing aggregate output is an alternative to redistribution or even to the reduction of inequality. The oldest and most agitated of social issues, if not resolved, is at least largely in abeyance, and the disputants have concentrated their attention, instead, on the goal of increased productivity."

Given an intellectual consensus that the distribution of wealth was a dead issue, it's not surprising that a number of myths—many inherited from previous decades—took hold. Among the most popular were: profits are good for the poor; hard work can still get you rich; the poor are poor because they won't work hard or can't; by spending more on education the government can promote economic equality; widespread stock ownership has created a true "people's capitalism"; antitrust laws are a barrier to excessive concentration of wealth.

John Kennedy believed the economic wellbeing of workers would be improved by granting tax breaks to capital-owners; whence the investment tax credit and other tax changes that did help stimulate growth but also distributed income upward rather than downward. Sargent Shriver believed that poverty could be eradicated by helping the poor overcome their personal inadequacies. He stated last year: "This program [the War on Poverty] was conceived of as a program not to distribute welfare, not to give handouts to people, but to give them the capacity to get themselves out of poverty. . . . The object was to transform the poor people themselves so that they became . . . able to stand on their own feet and earn their own living." Building on that philosophy, the poverty program emphasized early childhood education, vocational training and legal services. It was never a war on inequality of wealth or income, only on unequal access to the lowest paying jobs. Its principal beneficiaries, some have argued, were not the poor but the bureaucrats and social scientists who ministered to them, and the capital-owners (ITT, Litton Industries, RCA, *et. al.)* who won the anti-poverty government contracts. The same could be said of urban renewal: its major beneficiaries were not slum dwellers but land-owners and real estate developers.

Perhaps the most revered belief of liberals was that education could be an economic leveler. While it is true that education has helped many to improve their economic status (myself not excluded), it is a logical fallacy to conclude that education can uplift everyone simultaneously. The labor market rewards those who are better educated than their fellows, not simply those who are educated. If large numbers of people get educated, as has happened in America since World War II, the result is better educated steel workers, journalists and dropouts—not a more equitable distribution of income or wealth. Education is, in itself, a good thing, but it's not an economic leveler.

This leads us back to our original question: why, despite prolonged prosperity and massive public investments in education, job training, etc., does our economy continue to distribute inequitably what it produces? The underlying causes of economic inequality, it seems to me, are related to the different derivations of income, their characteristics and manner of distribution. Of the two fundamental sources of income in America—labor and wealth—the latter is by far superior. Think for a moment of the advantages of wealth. It is not subject to old age, illness and other human frailties. It can reproduce itself in five or 10 years (most corporate capital returns about 20 percent on equity before taxes) and even gets a subsidy, in the form of depreciation allowances, for doing so. It can reap profit from the efforts of others, whereas labor can only earn for itself. Through capitalization of anticipated gains, it can get paid for today and tomorrow, while labor gets paid only for today. It is inherently organized, whereas labor must struggle, often unsuccessfully, for the equivalent organizational strength. It has the upper hand in the marketplace, and, more often than not, first claim on government favors. And it has the one kind of power that really counts in America: the power to pass on to others (*i.e.*, workers) the costs that others are trying to shift to you.**

These advantages would be of little consequence were wealth as widely distributed as is labor. But this is not the case. Our economy has long remained such that the inferior source of income is spread among the many, while the superior source is concentrated among the few.

What we are left with is a diagnosis of the American economy that is not far from that made by the classical economists. Productive capacity steadily (sometimes not so steadily) grows, but the fruits of increased production are not equitably shared. These fruits have been, and continue to be, appropriated in disproportionate degree by a small minority. This minority may not consist solely of Marx's capitalists or George's land-owners, but it is a minority nonetheless. Its members are essentially the owners of productive wealth. Any genuine remedy for economic inequality in America must come to terms with that reality.

This is the first in a series of three articles on the way wealth is distributed in America.

**The efficiency with which corporations can pass on higher wages and corporate income taxes has long been a subject for debate among economists. It is probably extremely high in oligopolistic industries, lower in more competitive industries.

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Untangling the Snarl—II

Busing: What's To Be Done?

by Alexander M. Bickel

President Nixon and the Republican platform are inflating busing as a political issue, and Senator McGovern and the Democratic platform seek to deflate it. The deflationary effort is not only less likely to succeed, it is also the less responsible form of political behavior. For if busing as such is a false issue, it has come to symbolize a real one: namely, what is the proper objective of federal policy toward racial concentration—or separation, or isolation—in the public schools, and beyond that, what are the proper priorities of federal policy in primary and secondary education?

The federal courts are well along toward a transition from enforcing what could still properly be called segregation to undertaking, in the South and in many places elsewhere, the integration of schools, so that they will be racially balanced. This is a policy that requires busing, and it is this policy that Mr. Nixon and the Republican platform oppose when they oppose busing. It is the issue raised by this policy that Senator McGovern and the Democratic platform evade when they seek to deflate the busing controversy by their characterization of busing as an acceptable method of desegregation. Of course it is, but we are past desegregating the schools in most places in the South and elsewhere. Should federal policy now be to integrate them?

An affirmative answer to this question necessarily means we have set priorities. Integrating the schools—which the federal government will have to do nationally or not at all—is likely, once it is undertaken, to be all we will be doing in primary and secondary education for the next decade or more. It is an absorbing task. If it is equally a moral imperative to abolish racial concentration in schools resulting from housing patterns, from demographic changes and other factors as it is to disestablish legally enforced segregation, then perhaps the question whether to proceed with racial dispersal answers itself. So it may also if integration is a necessary, or necessarily the best, means of improving the education of lower-class black children.

But there is a moral difference between what housing patterns do to schools, even where those patterns were encouraged by past government policies, and what a legally enforced system of rigid segregation does to schools. There is a moral difference at least sufficient to render relevant a further inquiry into the costs that a policy of integration must incur, into its prospects of success, and into its value as a means of improving the education of black children.

Not the most sanguine reading of the available data can lead to the conclusion that the attainment of racial balance in the schools is the only or always necessarily the most effective way to improve the education of black children. On the other hand, the demography of many areas is such that the rather delicate conditions of balance in which alone educational improvement can even be hoped for are unattainable. Nearly half the black population in the country is concentrated in 50 cities, and a third of the total in 15. This is not a Northern pattern. It is nationwide. The 50 cities include such places of great black concentration as Baltimore, Houston, New Orleans, Atlanta, St. Louis, Memphis, Dallas, Birmingham, Jacksonville, Kansas City and Richmond. And of course Washington, DC. In these places and places like them, only extensive busing across district lines can have any impact at all, and its costs are high. It entails not only the expenditure of funds, which are in short supply and could be put to other uses, but of political, moral and administrative resources, which are also not in unlimited supply, and for which other fruitful employment could also be found. And since we are not prepared to pay the additional costs of closing private schools or incorporating them into the public system, or of restricting the freedom of residential choice which the middle class enjoys, busing not infrequently fails to achieve its end, even after all its other costs have been borne.

What, then, is to be done? Congress passed a rider to the Higher Education Bill last summer ordering that lower-court decrees be stayed pending appeal, rather than being implemented immediately as has been the practice in cases where busing is used for the purpose of achieving racial balance. But this is a stopgap, and not very effective as such either, because busing decrees do not generally avow a purpose to achieve racial balance; they still speak the language of desegregation, even though they have often actually made the transition to integration. Other anti-busing measures—the President's, or the harsher one passed in the House, which is now up for consideration in the Senate—are

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also stopgaps, though in another sense. They are stopgaps because they are negative. They are not a school policy; they seek to ensure the absence of a school policy. Moreover, they encounter constitutional difficulties. In many applications, they are in conflict with decisions of the Supreme Court—the *Swann* case and companion cases of 1971, and the *Emporia* and *Scotland Neck* decisions of last June.

Now in one sense, that does not mean that the House bill is unconstitutional, or that the President acted unlawfully in proposing his bill. In the last analysis, nothing is unconstitutional until there is a judicial decree saying so on particular facts. Such a decree must be obeyed. Until then there are predictions and opinions, and Congress and the President are not only entitled to their own predictions and opinions, they are entitled to hold opinions contrary to those expressed by the Supreme Court, and to give statutory form to their own opinions in the hope that the Supreme Court will be persuaded to see the error of its ways and will reverse itself.

But if our system of government is to work well and retain the confidence of our people, and if the institutions of our government are not to destroy each other in chaotic conflict, Congress and the President ought to provoke a direct clash with the Supreme Court only as a very last, almost despairing resort. For only two outcomes of such a clash are possible. Either the Supreme Court digs in its heels and dashes popular expectations that Congress and the President have raised, thus discrediting Congress and the President, or itself, or more likely both. Or the Court surrenders, reverses itself, and leaves the indelible impression, at least for a generation, that it is not independent, that it does not follow the law and its own precedents, but rather the election returns. Neither result is beneficial.

The constitutional difficulty, moreover, is even greater. The President's bill and the House bill are supported as exercises of a power of Congress to control the Supreme Court by prescribing the remedies that the Court may administer. In other words, the argument is that without reversing itself, the Supreme Court could hold that Congress has the necessary power to lay down the law that the Court is bound to apply.

On analysis, I think this argument questions *Marbury v. Madison* itself, the very foundation of the power of judicial review. No one can guarantee that a majority of the Court would reject this claim to supreme legislative power. The Court has seldom been presented with this sort of challenge, in my judgment never with quite the challenge embodied in the House bill, and except as one reasons one's way to the proper conclusion from *Marbury v. Madison* itself, this has happily been a grey area of constitutional law. The question is not whether the congressional assertion of power to prescribe remedies would be held unconstitutional, but whether it should be, and what kind of pervasive change in the basic structure of our federal institutions, going well beyond the busing problem and affecting myriad other matters, we will have worked if the assertion of congressional power is accepted.

The President—so one had judged, for example, from his position on the 18-year-old vote issue, when he opposed trying to deal with it legislatively—is an institutional and constitutional conservative. So are many congressmen who voted for the House bill. But that bill, as well as the President's proposal, are recklessly radical in undertaking to alter the balance of power between the judiciary and the political institutions of the federal government.

Congress, it is said, though it cannot overrule the judicial definition of the substance of constitutional rights, has power to prescribe appropriate remedies for effectuating them, and to forbid the courts to employ other remedies. But in one of the companion cases to the *Swann* case of 1971, the Supreme Court had before it a North Carolina statute that provided as follows:

> No student shall be assigned or compelled to attend any school on account of race, creed, color or national origin, or for the purpose of creating a balance or ratio of race, religion, or national origins. Involuntary busing of students in contravention of this article is prohibited, and public funds shall not be used for any such busing.

The Court declared the statute unconstitutional because it operated "to hinder vindication of federal Constitutional guarantees."

Not only the prohibition of assignments of students on account of race, but even the prohibition against assignments for the purpose of creating racial balance, said the Court, "must inevitably conflict with the duty of school authorities to disestablish dual school systems." For even though racial balance was not mandated by the Constitution, some ratios were likely in many cases to be useful starting points in the shaping of a remedy. An absolute prohibition of ratios, even as a starting point, interfered unconstitutionally with the shaping of appropriate remedies. An absolute prohibition of busing of students assigned on the basis of race "will similarly hamper" the fashioning of effective remedies for constitutional violations. Bus transportation, said the Court, as it had noted in its main opinion in the *Swann* case, "has long been an integral part of all public educational systems, and it is unlikely that a truly effective remedy could be devised without continued reliance upon it."

Can Congress do what North Carolina could not? Section five of the 14th Amendment gives Congress enforcement power. But there is clear historical evidence that section five was not meant to change the

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relationship between Congress and the judiciary. It merely confirmed, as do other amendments, general legislative power that Congress possesses anyway. That power enables Congress to dictate to the courts a choice among remedies, or to create new ones and substitute them for remedies the courts have been administering. But Congress ought not be held to have power to take away a remedy for a constitutional violation in circumstances in which the courts have decided that it is the only and the essential remedy, for which nothing can be substituted—and for which, for that matter, Congress provides no substitute. If Congress has this power, it has in fact, if not in form, the power to alter the substance of most constitutional rights, not merely the right to go to one or another school. If such a power is upheld, the school bus will have traveled to a far destination.

What Congress and the President can do, the only thing they can do without inviting a constitutional crisis, and what they must do is to try to change the reality on which the courts have been acting, rather than trying to alter the decisions the courts have been making. Congress and the President should address themselves not to the courts, but to the problems of primary and secondary education. These problems—affecting many private as well as public schools—include poor educational results as well as racial isolation. Busing and racial balance won't solve them in most places. And there is no panacea that will solve them everywhere. Hence no categorical national policy is possible. What is possible is federal help for coherent, well-planned local efforts to improve primary and secondary education.

Few such efforts are now being made, and federal programs are not designed to induce them. Federal programs are themselves incoherent, as they have to be, since no one is in possession of a panacea to be administered nationally. But they are at the same time over-administered from Washington—just enough to transmit their own incoherence from the national level, where it is inevitable, to the local level where it is disastrous and avoidable. A thousand flowers—to borrow a saying—should bloom, but they should not bloom at random and untended in every school district. Conditions vary, but one condition is universal, and it is that if a school district uses a pot of federal money to buy three TV sets, two speech specialists and four other assorted devices one year, a little more or a little less of a different assortment the next year, and so forth, nothing at all will happen that makes a substantial difference.

Something might happen if the school district were required to look at itself in organized fashion, and consult its customers in committees that are sure to include representatives of all of them; and if it were then required to present a 10-year plan for self-improvement, taking into view the community's entire primary and secondary educational process, drawing on private as well as public resources, and seeking to enhance the process in both private and public schools. Such a plan would include measures to alleviate racial inbalance, it might include interracial educational projects involving children from private and public schools who are otherwise left in place, it might include school decentralization, it might include voucher projects opening a choice among schools that only the well-to-do enjoy now, and it would presumably include many things no one has yet tried. It would in any event embody a common local judgment—not a judge's and not a federal administrator's—of the direction of school policy over a foreseeable period of time.

Federal money would then be concentrated as a bloc grant and committed to the plan. A measure of supervisory federal controls would remain necessary, and the plan itself would need HEW approval before funds would flow into it. But the degree of federal control and administration would be greatly reduced from the present level.

There is a bill—HR 13552, introduced by Representatives Preyer (D, NC) and Udall (D, Ariz.)—that carries out the suggestion discussed above. Suppose it were enacted, would it have any chance of diverting the inexorable movement of the judicial bus? Well, the Supreme Court can see what others perceive. There is no reason to believe that a majority of the justices have a doctrinaire attachment to maximum integration. That is not why they order it. They order it for different reasons.

District judges before whom school suits are brought are made to confront what is usually a wasteland: a school district deteriorating in every way, sinking deeper and deeper into racial isolation, and doing nothing about it. So the judge orders integration and busing. That is all he can do, short of throwing up his hands, which after 18 years in the school business he no longer thinks he may do. The record of the wasteland and of the judge's response to it then moves up to the Supreme Court. There the doctrinal pull of *Brown v. Board of Education* again exerts its force, a principled line between any case and the one immediately preceding it is hard to find—if we said desegregation, why not more desegregation?—and what happens is what we have seen happen. But if Congress and the President, instead of fighting the courts, try to get school districts to fight the reality to which the courts have been reacting, and manage to present courts in the future with school districts embarked on concentrated long-range reforms, then, without needing to renege on prior decisions and without accepting any impairment of the general function of judicial review, courts will be able to say that they are now faced with new facts, with a new reality, which no longer calls for the old remedies. And the Supreme Court will agree. Or so—candor compels one to add—so one would expect.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Emigrants

(Warner Bros.)

How happily clear it was from Jan Troell's first film *Here's Your Life* that he had large talents and large ambitions (*TNR*, Jan. 11, 1969). His second film has not yet been released here. Now we get his third, which is self-contained but is Part One of a two-part work. Troell's largeness pushes him toward the epic. *Here's Your Life*, now reduced to 110 minutes, was originally the longest Swedish film ever made. *The Emigrants* runs something over two hours; the sequel, already completed, is about the same length, I'm told.

This work is based on Vilhelm Moberg's four-volume novel, *Unto a Good Land*, a story of people leaving Sweden in the 1840s and coming to the US. Emigration to the US in the 19th century, probably the most significant movement of peoples since the Moorish invasion of Europe, has been scanted in films. The only other serious attempt to deal with it that I know is Kazan's *America, America*.

Troell is a most extraordinary man: he writes, directs, photographs and edits his own films. (Bengt Forslund, the Swedish critic, is his highly collaborative producer.) His direction is marked by deep empathy, expressed dexterously: the very first shot of *The Emigrants* is a closeup of a Bible open on a pulpit, then Troell pans up gently to show us the congregation listening to the preacher. In one small movement of a few seconds, Troell has established a place and time, the pietistic basis of the society, and the quality of relation between this church and its communicants. His photography is more than adequate to his ideas: his colors are gentle, only occasionally pretty-pretty, and his lighting always seems to draw the substance *out* of the composition instead of coming in and smacking it. (See the first sunlit shot of the "young" Liv Ullmann on the swing.) His editing is generally tart, nicely elliptical.

I was about to say that he is weakest, relatively, as writer, but perhaps that's not the right way to put it. The script is the least impressive part of *The Emigrants*, but that's more a matter of concept than, say, scene structure. Troell has deliberately opted for a novelistic approach, not in the Antonioni or Bergman sense in which the cinema does cinematically what the novel does novelistically, but the sense in which the cinema tries to reproduce the effect of reading a novel. Now this is dangerous ground and has been posted as such almost since the beginnings of film. Troell evidently knows the risks he has taken and has not escaped scot free; but his talent and his *calmness* bring it off a good part of the way.

He wants, first of all, to take time. Not the way Antonioni did in his trilogy (he no longer does it), by occasional magnification of a moment. The prime thing that a long novel does is to take a great chunk of our time, and that taking of our time, if the author is good, is itself part of the experience. Troell wants to achieve the same sense of time transpiring, *our* time, *our* living through some experiences. Coupled with this, of course, is our sense of the characters' time. Seasons change, hopes alter, lives arrive and depart. Troell wants the same sense of this parallel journey, ours and theirs.

He achieves it, with us and them, but he pays a price. We are all theatrically conditioned, whether by theater or film, to certain expectations when sitting in a theater seat. That conditioning is primarily one of expectation: ranging from the level of "Will he arrive in time to get her off the railroad tracks?" to an interest in a character's physical or spiritual adventure, but always presented in a way to lead us forward. The serial consideration, though certainly part of the novel, is lesser (or can be) and is esthetically different. (I don't care whether I. Compton-Burnett's novels progress or not, for instance; I just like reading them.) I can't conceive of a fiction film in which texture itself would be sufficient. Troell's texture is always fine, and his picture never bores. "Boredom" is a facile, stupid term to use in connection with work of this quality. But there are moments that call for patience, willingly given, as we are patient with people we like and respect.

The title tells us a good deal before the picture starts. The conditions in which the protagonist-farmer and his wife live, in which his indentured brother suffers, in which his religious uncle is persecuted, all are shown with the knowledge that we know what they will lead to. The sea voyage is presented, in all its squalor, to make us feel its sheer duration. Soon the film almost takes on the quality of an historical rite, as if we were following motions and events that we know quite well, in essence, but which we are honoring and celebrating.

The very last shot of the film is one of its best. The farmer-protagonist has pushed on past the other settlers in Minnesota, reaches good land on the edge of a lake, blazes his name on a tree to stake his claim, then sinks down with his back against the tree, pulls his hat over his eyes, and smiles. After all that has gone before, it is a lovely moment, that smile; an end and, of course, a beginning.

That moment is beautifully fulfilled because the farmer is played by Max von Sydow, one of my heroes in con-

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Arruza. Documentary about a bullfighter, with some good bullfighting.

Cabaret. Life is *not* a cabaret, old chum, still this musical derived from Isherwood fiddles flashily while Berlin burns.

The Candidate. Surprising, the resentment this (neatly made) film about a campaign has aroused among "sophisticates." Not the whole truth, but surely a big bitter part of it.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a working-class girl, but her reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

Tokyo Story. A treasure. Yasujiro Ozu's story of an old couple, their children, *their* children, a picture that gently asks the largest possible questions.

SK

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Crawford Woods on TV

The "New Season," Yup

When I worked at this sort of job on a daily basis, my day began with paper: a load of press releases. I could either read the mail or watch the shows the mail was pushing—there wasn't time in a day to do both. Then after the releases came the glossy photos, hardback books, tickets.

And finally, beyond humble paper altogether, came the parade of the toys.

When a Johnny Cash special was being touted a couple of years ago, each critic was sent the raw material of a jug band: a big box containing a Johnny Cash record, a washboard, a harmonica, a Johnny Cash comb wrapped in Johnny Cash tissue paper, a bandanna or two. On another occasion, a network which wanted to announce nothing more than the shift of a show from one time slot to another did so by sending out enormous, beautifully detailed, toy moving vans with the relevant information pasted to the top.

Frankly, I miss all this good stuff now, living out in nowhere. And with what TV people persist in calling the "new" season getting underway, how can I possibly cover it without such help? Well watch.

ABC is opening up the Saturday night scene with an hour-long detective drama, "The Streets of San Francisco." It stars Karl Malden, and will probably sometimes be worth looking at, *faut de mieux*, for that reason alone. An hour earlier, but unfortunately only once a month, you will be able to see something called "Kung Fu," which is a sort of Western starring a Buddhist priest whose karate is quicker than a Colt. CBS faces "Kung Fu" with "Bridget Loves Bernie," which is about interfaith sex and stuff, and "San Francisco" with "The Bob Newhart Show," in which Bob plays, uh, a psychologist. Got a long way to go here and I'm getting queasy already. PBS offers "Playhouse New York"—new experimental plays, probably worth a look. NBC has nothing new.

On Sunday, CBS brings in "Anna and the King," which used to be known as "The King and I" and will surely be back next year as "Son of King." Yul Brynner again, and why not. Next comes "M.A.S.H." Likely the only four-letter word will be the title, but I'm sure we can expect some hysterically funny battlefield surgery. NBC, once a month, brings back Richard Boone as "Hec Ramsey," which is small beer to those who remember him as Paladin. Hec is a turn-of-the-century wild-West crime-stopper who prefers microscopes to Mausers (that's PR prose, friends, note the alliteration). Because of Boone, the show will be bearable. Nothing this day from ABC, two new shows from PBS: "The Just Generation" helps young people "understand the US legal system," and the "Family Game" helps any old people understand the young people. I shouldn't say this, because these shows will be earnest and hardworking and may Do Some Good, but they sound mesmerizingly dull.

On Monday there are only two new shows. ABC leads off with "The Rookies," which is about, yes, young black and white cops, *concerned* officers who pit their sociology degrees against a hardline lieutenant. Here again I hate to mock, because there's always the chance that *this* show will do some good, but the theme and title make me tired, I can't feel drawn toward it. The other is "The New Bill Cosby Show" on CBS. It will be the old one.

Getting harder to walk in all this, isn't it? On Tuesday night, ABC has "Temperatures Rising," a hilarious hospital. James Whitmore, a fine actor, will be wasted here. CBS counters with "Maude," a negative of "All In The Family," which I (a) rather liked the first time I saw it and (b) never felt the slightest desire to watch again. NBC carries the investigative news "NBC Reports," which will often be good, and "America," a BBC import by Alistair Cooke done by the production staff of "Civilisation," which may be very good indeed. PBS has "One Nation," which is Bill Moyers taking another crack at what he failed to do in his book, and "Behind The Lines," an examination of newsgathering processes, recommended.

Wednesday. "The Paul Lynde Show" is on ABC. No idea what this will be like but I don't like the sound of it. "The Julie Andrews Hour" comes along a bit later, if you can handle that. "Search" is on NBC . . . electronic spy stuff. . . . "The Wednesday Mystery Movie" has got a Polish-American . . . no, I can't go on. (Anyway, Richard Widmark will occasionally be on hand in that slot in "Madigan." Since he dies in the movie, it'll be interesting to see how they do the series.)

Thursday. Coming toward the end. Something called "The Men" on ABC, another triple-decker spy mishmash. . . . "The Waltons" on CBS, a low-key comedy about Depression hillbillies. . . . "International Performance" on PBS will be concerts, opera, ballet, stuff that rarely comes across on television, but bless them I guess. . . .

And Friday. Just three new ones, all on NBC. "The Little People," with Brian Keith as a doctor . . . in Hawaii . . . eh . . . eh . . . he's got some children . . . it's going to be just horrible. "Ghost Story," done by William Castle, might be OK. And then there's "Banyon." He's a Polish-American . . . no, that's not right . . . anyway, he's a private eye . . . Sam Spade . . . oh God. . . .

And that's the lot, that's the regular fare, plus your old favorites from last year. Which does not quite mean, however, that one has to make the old surrender all over again. I've been talking strictly about regularly scheduled programming (which is the spine, after all, it's why TV is so godawful), but there are all those other leaky hours of sports and specials and such. Prompted to a looser format by the FCC's three-hour rule, the '72-'73 season will be full of them.

All the usual stars (Bob Hope, Bob Hope, Bob Hope) have specials, but there's also going to be a new Mike Nichols and Elaine May hour. "Playhouse 90" makes a shy return from the golden era, Gay Talese's "Honor Thy Father" will be on CBS. Kirk Douglas is going to be in a musical of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." There'll be news specials, presidential politics and a new Fredrick Wiseman film about a monastery. There's also going to be a load of good and unusually recent feature films, including "Patton." There'll be pro football and dirt-track racing and much,

Coming

Arnold Kettle
reviews *G*
by John Berger

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much more. As an old radio evangelist I used to listen to would say (as he offered you for a measly dollar a huge color picture of the end of the world), "you'll see bombs falling, you'll see airplanes flying, you'll see many men dying; you'll see Jesus coming 'cross the water, and his eyes'll open and close. . . ." So what are you so depressed about?

Scanning such a fall lineup is like looking at a pictograph whose symbols click but leave their message empty. Everything is sensible and nothing makes sense. All the newness is in the oldness, in having familiar actors to curl up with and familiar themes to assure you the apocalypse is a million years away. After all, what do you *want*, the life of Christ in boots and saddles, Shakespeare every Sunday? Haven't we already established that these hours and these airwaves are the property of a race of mutants who take sustenance from them?

For my part, I much prefer the paperwork. I won't much watch this stuff, except for money, but I'd love to get a Kung Fu Karate Kit in the mail, I'd love for the producers of "Bridget Loves Bernie" to send me the soundtrack to *Abie's Irish Rose*. Perhaps from "M.A.S.H." a plastic scalpel, from "The Rookies" a set of handcuffs, and from "Temperatures Rising"?—a thermometer, of course, but precisely what kind, I'm sure I needn't say.

Wrong Niche

Luce and his Empire

by W. A. Swanberg

(Scribners; $12.50)

Having given Henry R. Luce a private preview of *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles looked at him expectantly for a verdict. "Well," said Luce, "I think the old man ought to be willing to settle for that." Hearst wasn't, of course, although the Kane myth has done his memory no harm. For a time Swanberg's book bore the working title *Citizen Luce*. But neither as biography nor as myth could Luce be asked to settle for this.

Swanberg, a biographer of Pulitzer as well as of Hearst, has attempted the first unofficial semidefinitive life of Luce and does a workmanlike job for about half its length. He makes bows to the complexity of his subject and gives an adequate inventory of Luce's personal characteristics, including the intensity, energy and flashes of warmth and charm that were factors in his success. The book is sprinkled with good vignettes and Luce's relations with many individuals—both his wives, Briton Hadden, Ralph Ingersoll, T. S. Matthews, others—are handled with fair accuracy. A lot of research went into this book, some of it from fresh interviews and unpublished sources. But what bulks largest is the running indictment Swanberg mounts against Luce's motives, beliefs and achievements. His verdict on all three is savagely negative. This may be an allowable view of Luce or of any human; but Swanberg's is presented with so little subtlety or balance, and with such a tin ear for historical contexts, that later and more discriminating biographers will find it almost valueless.

Since Luce's career is already quite well documented, it is surprising how often Swanberg resorts to the subjunctive devices more appropriate to a biography of Shakespeare: must have, it is probable, one suspects, we may assume, etc. I stopped counting examples at 100 about half way through. Some of these inferences are on target, most are gratuitous, many are dead wrong. For example: "In his now complete identification with big business and his growing hatred of Roosevelt, it seems improbable that he ruled out fascism as a possible road to the public power for which he longed." Not only is "improbable" exactly the wrong word, but the sentence epitomizes the bias behind Swanberg's tedious polemic.

Swanberg's indictment has three main parts: first, that Luce's magazines (especially *Time*) have not only slanted but twisted the news and have thereby polluted American opinion; second, that Luce's ruling passion was a hunger for power, the more dangerous because he rationalized it by claiming a partnership with God; and third, that Luce's policies, especially his anticommunism, had disastrous effects on US history.

Swanberg upholds an ideal of journalistic objectivity which Luce thought neither possible nor desirable; in its original 1922 prospectus, *Time* warned it would have a viewpoint on the news. Acknowledging this, Swanberg nevertheless sorrows for those "innocent readers" who could not spot or discount the slant and were therefore being brainwashed unawares. He analyzes the tricks of tone and choice of adjectives by which *Time* traditionally distinguished its bad guys from good guys, and gives telling examples from old cover stories of the treatments which Luce once described as "the big hand, the razz gentle or the bum's rush." Swanberg himself is no slouch at this game. In fact *tu quoque* is the answer to any writer who demands perfect objectivity, including contributors to the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung*. The case for it is worth making only if one supports a version of journalistic truth whose source lies outside the editor's conscience, such as the state. Luce consistently accepted personal responsibility for his magazines and aspired (with imperfect success) to fairness and accuracy, but not to what he called "the stuffed dummy of impartiality." Believing that "the facts speak more loudly than the owner's opinion," he had more confidence than Swanberg in his readers' ability to make up their own minds.

As for Luce's motivation, Swanberg's zeroing in on "power-hunger" is at best sophomoric. Most of Luce's colleagues agreed that his ruling passion, if he had

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one, was to be informed on the most possible subjects and to share the information with the most possible readers. His power, like his money, was the byproduct of his success in that quest. No doubt he came to relish his power and perhaps to want more. But in a crucial letter to his close colleague Roy Larsen (April 1940) he wrote: "Our great job from now on is not to create power but to use it. . . . I think you and I share a kind of reluctance to use power. . . . To see *Time* in perspective is to realize its tremendous potential power. . . . I don't particularly like it. I don't think you do much—but there it is." Swanberg quotes most of this and adds, "Perhaps he did not mean this last to be taken literally." I think he did. It was not a time when he was likely to be kidding Larsen or himself. The collapse of Europe made them both realize that what Luce called *Time's* "era of indifferentism" was over, that their power (however acquired) had to be used more responsibly according to their lights. This period is more authoritatively treated in Robert Elson's book, *Time Inc. —The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise* (Atheneum, 1968).

Among the lights by which Luce used his power were indeed his Christian beliefs, which Swanberg translates as "impregnable moral assurance" and ridicules as a personal pipeline to God. Laura Hobson once remarked that Luce's trouble was that "he doesn't know whether he wants to be a Christian missionary like his father or a warlord like Chiang Kai-shek." Swanberg isn't sure either, but he is equally scornful of either role. He seems incredulous that a believing Christian could be intellectually honest. A corollary belief of Luce's, that America has had a special purpose in the divine historical plan, undoubtedly gave a high spin to the patriotism he imported from his boyhood in China, a patriotism which reminds Swanberg of Hitler's master-race notions. But beliefs like Luce's have had a strong hold on many generations of serious Americans, including several founding fathers, Emerson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. It does a historian no credit to treat them as contemptible instead of merely in eclipse.

Motives and beliefs apart, there remain the political effects of Luce's power as he used it. Swanberg sees them as wholly malign, especially in prolonging US support of Chiang Kai-shek and in intensifying the Cold War. He assumes that Chiang was never a viable stanchion of US Asia policy and he speculates that both the Korean and Vietnam wars could have been avoided had we embraced Mao from Yenan days on. This is possible; but the fear of Sino-Soviet aggression in Asia was not just a "nightmare" dreamed by the China lobby; it was shared by countries of Asia's rim at least until the fall of Sukarno. In Swanberg's 20-20 hindsight, what he calls "the myth of monolicity" of communism could have been penetrated long before the Sino-Soviet split. A Swanberg foreign policy would have anticipated Nixon's Guam Doctrine by more than 20 years. Yet even had Luce wanted to, the combined power of *Time, Life* and *Fortune* could scarcely have popularized so risky a foreign policy as that. Instead he advocated other risks which added up to modern Asian history. But not without some help from Eisenhower, Dulles, Kennedy, Johnson and others who, like the common sense of the American people in those years, were not confined for their information to the Luce press.

The whole of the Cold War emerges from Swanberg's pages as a delusion foisted on Americans by Luce's anticommunism, which is termed "the controlling animosity of his life." We are told that "in 1943, Luce cautiously began the cold war," the evidence being *Time's* reserve about "the spirit of Teheran." Earl Browder appeared on the cover over the caption "For Stalin, For Roosevelt," which Swanberg deems a guilt-by-association crack at FDR. Yet that *was* the Browder party line and was surely noteworthy only two years after the Stalin-Hitler pact. The fact that neither "the spirit of Teheran" nor Browder lasted long is usually blamed on Stalin rather than on Washington. But Swanberg not only joins the extreme revisionists on this score, he makes a series of Presidents the puppets or prisoners of a single private fanatic named Luce.

Time and *Life* were indeed active Cold War belligerents, and there was a period, after the fall of China, when this took the foolish form of scapegoating Secretary Acheson. But Luce's anticommunism was usually more discriminating (hardliners like John Chamberlain taxed him with unreliability on this score) and it grossly misstates both his policy and his influence to say, as Swanberg does: "Probably more than any single force, the Luce press channelled the groping and disorganized emotions of American distress into McCarthyism." (The magazines were consistently anti-McCarthyism.) He even refers to *Time* and *Life* readers as "Mittelamerika" and makes them the soil for Lee Harvey Oswald. Luce's actual mistakes and excesses become indistinguishable in the mud of this diffuse indictment.

With NATO well-launched and Ike and Dulles in office, Luce could relax a bit about communism and took up more constructive crusades, notably his campaign for the promotion of world law, which he thought should be a cornerstone of US policy. It was his way of updating *The American Century* of 1941 and he was serious enough about it to have made over 20 speeches on the subject after 1950, to have sparked the World Peace Through Law movement, and to have urged the repeal of the Connally Amendment limiting US adherence to the World Court. But Swanberg mentions this crusade only to dismiss it as another facade for Luce's anticommunism. The fact is that when Khrushchev attacked Stalin for his infractions of "Soviet legality," Luce explicitly welcomed this evidence that communists too understand the force of law. Swanberg also misstates the terms which Luce equated with a Western victory in the Cold War; they were in fact quite limited terms, and toward the end of his life, after a visit to thawing Eastern Europe, Luce regarded the Cold War as a thing of the past.

One of Luce's most original discoveries was that American business is a good subject for journalistic inquiry. He founded *Fortune* on the premise that all business is invested with a public interest and that the semi-secrecy in which it was conducted during the 1920s should no longer be respected. He fought hard within his shop to keep *Fortune* thus oriented and he probably overinvested in the hope that the businessman could earn a genuine leadership role in American society. But to Swanberg Luce's cultivation of businessmen was just a way to drum up advertising and to celebrate the Calvinist gospel of success. He even vulgarizes Luce's Calvinism by associating it with Billy Sunday's, showing no sense of the sophistication with which Luce approached theology, business and most other subjects.

The liveliest parts of this book are the quotes from Luce's own letters and memos. The rest is strewn with errors and tiresome repetitions, but its major error is to put Luce into the wrong

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historical niche. At his worst (which he wasn't often) he was too complex for the villainous role Swanberg assigns him; and so is the track record of his magazines, both political and educational. During Luce's lifetime the US enjoyed a population explosion of high school and college graduates, who gave a new arithmetic dimension to American democracy. The Luce magazines throve on these new audiences and of course share some responsibility for the present quality of their mass citizenship. Is it better or worse than it might have been without Luce's editorial ministrations? The "light and leading" he offered was always aimed a little over his readers' heads, with a heavy emphasis on political literacy. His values were self-knowingly square, bourgeois and liberal in the 19th-century sense, and are unfashionable now. But they would have to be consulted again if a real totalitarian threat, unlike the one Swanberg sees in "Mittelamerika," should ever arise in this country.

John K. Jessup

Revolutionary Romanticism

The Poems of Mao Tse-Tung

translation, introduction, notes by Willis Barnstone, in collaboration with Ko Ching-Po

(Harper & Row, $4.95; Bantam, $1.25)

In reading *The Poems of Mao Tse-Tung* I am aware of contrasts: poetry in America rarely touches the Executive heart. True, President Kennedy attached an aging bard to Camelot. And in 1968 a man who desired the presidency (on his own terms) was presumptuous enough to resort to epigrammatic terseness and poetic allusiveness; you all know my position on the war, he said, and retreated to his poems, thereby hastening his political demise. Obviously politics is no place for the poetic vision, as Gene McCarthy must have known. Richard Nixon certainly knows it—his rhetoric rejects the poet's lute in favor of crude cadences reminiscent of a Big Ten marching band.

The situation is different in China, where (as in England and France) many statesmen traditionally have also been gifted literary craftsmen. Given the strength of the tradition of the politician-poet in China, it should not be surprising that Mao Tse-Tung is an accomplished—if not great—poet, and also a unique one, for he consciously fuses classical forms and modern revolutionary ideology. His verse, replete with allusions to old China's artists and heroes, to its epic battles and magnificent dynasties, provides an index whereby the successes of the Marxist decades can be measured against the monuments of the past.

Although I do not think that Willis Barnstone's new translation of Mao's poems is any better than those already in print (curiously, two political scientists, Stuart Schram and Jerome Ch'en, provide in their studies of Mao nicely executed versions of the poems), we should be grateful that Mao's poetry will finally be available from major publishers in both paper and hardback (another collection edited by Paul Engle is scheduled for publication later in the fall). Barnstone's format, with the original calligraphy and the translation side by side, is elegant. He also provides a sound but essentially eclectic introduction, and a set of notes that are useful but scarcely complete.

Mao's preoccupation with poetry coincides with his earliest exposure to Marxism in 1918; in fact, his poetry, the earliest of which dates from the mid-1920s, quite deliberately reflects political process. But it was not until 1957, with the publication of 18 poems, that the Chinese people had access to Mao's verse. Peking's Foreign Language Press released 19 translated poems in 1959, and since that time another 18 have found their way into print.

For almost half a century Mao has been composing poetry obsessively, "humming on horseback," as he once termed it. Despite the complexity of the classical forms he utilizes, he dashes off poems compulsively. Legend has it that untold numbers of Mao's poetic doodles are in the hands of his many aides and revolutionary associates, who over the years have retrieved them from wastebaskets, battlefields and airplanes, more in order to have examples of Mao's delicate calligraphy than to possess examples of his verse. It is simply impossible to determine the extent of Mao's verse, but we can infer that the 35 poems that Barnstone assembles in his collection (out of the 37 which have been released by Mao) represent only a small portion of those extant. There are at least 70 additional lyrics in Mao's legendary *Wind Sand Poems*, privately printed in the mid-1930s for a few friends, but never released to the public.

Mao's reticence in releasing his poems for publication constitutes more than an act of modesty on the part of a man who feels that his verse is not remarkable. Essentially, Mao has feared that his poetry, especially in its devotion to classical form and to romantic myth, would be misunderstood by the generation of youth spawned by the revolution. In a letter to a friend, which Barnstone quotes in his introduction, Mao writes: "Up to now I have never wanted to make these things known in any formal way, because they are in the old style and I was afraid this might encourage a wrong trend and exercise a bad influence on people."

In this letter Mao does not abjure the old forms. He merely acknowledges that they are difficult to master, and that consequently they might obstruct the ideological purity of thought that the revolution insists upon. As early as the May 1942 Yenan Forum on problems of literature and art, Mao had spoken of the need to popularize art while at the same time elevating the masses; it seems obvious that he thinks that the complex mathematical precisions of his favored classical form—the *tz'u*—militates against these objectives. The *tz'u*, which flourished in the Sung period (960-1279), is not easy to describe in English, and exceedingly difficult to translate accurately. Originally the *tz'u* possessed a form dictated by the music to which it was set. Most of the music has been lost, but more

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than 600 *tz'u* forms remain, each uniquely discrete in its tonal pattern, with a set number of lines, a precise number of words in each line and a rigid rhyme scheme.

Despite the metrical complexity of the *tz'u*, millions of Chinese workers, peasants and soldiers are today quoting Mao's poetry, while literary critics and scholars worry its meanings. The noted Chinese poet, Kuo Mo-jo, who like Mao combines romantic epic and Marxism in his work, and to whom Mao has addressed two of his more recent poems, observes of Mao's verse that it is "loved by everyone" though sometimes difficult to understand; a residue of mystery hangs about each work.

The difficulties are of course greatly magnified in translation—difficulties not only with the forms and with the verbal and musical equivalents but also with the literary, historical and ideological allusions inherent in all Mao's verse. His most famous poem, "Snow," is typical of the wealth of allusiveness so characteristic of his art. "Snow" (see page 30) is an example of Mao's mastery of the *tz'u*, and classical in its division into two sections, with the first half (lines 1-13) celebrating the majesty of the Chinese landscape, and the second half moving to the political theme. This division is obvious, but the subtleties are elusive. When Mao writes that the "mountains dance like silver snakes," or that "the planet teases us in her white dress and rouge," one may need to be reminded that snakes and the color rouge have very strong and conventional sexual connotations in Chinese literature; thus Robert Payne, a biographer of Mao, is led to observe that "Snow" is "a love poem addressed to the Chinese earth." Moreover, the color white, which traditionally suggests death to the Chinese, acts within the larger pattern of imagery to reinforce Mao's disquisition on the passing of heroes.

The tapestry of "Snow" is so enormously variegated that Barnstone, despite two pages of commentary, does not get around to mentioning the above connections, nor a crucial relationship between the last line of the poem, which Barnstone translates as "Only today are we men of feeling," and a famous 11th-century poem by Su Tung-po entitled "Thoughts of the Past at Red Cliff," where it is written:

> The mighty river flows east
> Sweeping away our truly great and
> noble-hearted.

Barnstone's infelicitous translation of the last line in "Snow" simply doesn't suggest its affinities with Su Tung-po. On the other hand the official English translation of the line, by Andrew Boyd, reads:

> To find men truly great and
> noble-hearted
> We must look here in the present.

In both poems the Chinese phrase *feng-liu jen-wu* ("our truly great and noble-hearted") is used. Su Tung-po was the first poet to employ this phrase, and Mao was obviously aware of its derivation. Yet he works an interesting variation on the original. Su Tung-po was lamenting the fall of the Han dynasty, and the tone of his poem is filled with self-pity and acknowledgement of the poet's insufficiencies. By contrast, Mao tempers his homage to the past with a Marxist qualification. When Mao suggests that even Genghis Khan is an inadequate hero, he actually means that any man who is not possessed by the radical vision of Marxism cannot achieve largest stature. What is especially revealing about the last lines of "Snow" is the poet's inference that the ultimate hero of the modern age is Chairman Mao himself.

Also to be noted in "Snow," and in Mao's best poems, is his blending of romantic epic and revolutionary thought in such a way that he modifies but does not reject the central canon of socialist realism, which in the language of the 1934 Congress of Soviet Writers calls for "the truthful, historically concrete representation of reality in its revolutionary development." That which is historically concrete—the vicissitudes of the Long March, the execution of Mao's first wife, the Sino-Soviet rift, Mao's swimming of the Yangtze—is an intrinsic part of the "reality" of the poems. However, the treatment of these subjects seems, at least to a Western reader, more romantic than realistic. One could even assert that in the pantheon of Marxist heroes only Mao stands beside Lenin as a revolutionary pragmatist who is also an unreconstructed romantic visionary. When he was hounded across 6500 miles of China during the Long March of 1934-35, he must have sensed intuitively the need to willingly suspend disbelief, to proclaim as he does in his poem "The Long March," that "ten thousand waters and a thousand mountains are nothing."

The Chairman, quoting Lenin, once observed that art and literature are "a wheel and screw" in the revolutionary machine. In keeping with this axiom, even the most lilting and seemingly apolitical of Mao's poetry is rooted in the ideological moment and within the spectrum of the People's revolution. Within natural settings he consistently establishes the dialectic which tempers his verse—as he does for example in his earliest poem, "Changsa":

> In this immensity
> I ask the huge greenblue earth,
> Who is the master of nature?

And in the last poem of this collection, dated 1963 and addressed to Kuo Mo-jo, Mao provides a response to the question of who is master:

> The sky-earth spins
> and time is short.
> Ten thousand years is long
> and so a morning and an evening
> count.

The man capable of heroic action, who can literally seize the day, can transform the world. This romantic conviction, used to amplify revolutionary doctrine, creates the fabric of Mao Tse-Tung's poetic vision. As he writes in "The

Helen Fuller

After a long illness, Helen Fuller died at 58 on September 15 in Washington, Virginia. She had been the mainstay of *The New Republic* from 1951 to 1961 as its managing editor, and before that wrote regularly and vigorously on politics as this journal's correspondent in the nation's capital. Raised in the South, trained as a lawyer, partisan of the progressive tradition, she counseled and championed whatever humane endeavors she encountered.

THE EDITORS

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Capture of Nanking" (1949):

If heaven has feeling it will grow old
and watch
our seas turn to mulberry fields.

Stuart Schram's translation of these lines is perhaps more to the point (though hardly a translation—the imagery has been omitted and a very unChinesy generalized equivalent supplied): "The true way that governs the world of men is that of radical change."

Revolutionary romanticism—the sheer prophetic conviction that the world can be altered by the radical wills of men—is the substance of Mao's politics and his poetry. It is not for nothing that the main recurring image in his verse is of the wind blowing red banners, a wind that, he once asserted in a political speech, seems to be blowing finally from the east towards the west.

Gil Muller

Snow

The scene is the north lands.
Thousands of li sealed in ice,
ten thousand li in blowing snow.
From the Long Wall I gaze inside and beyond
and see only vast tundra.
Up and down the Yellow River
the gurgling water is frozen.
Mountains dance like silver snakes,
hills gallop like wax bright elephants
trying to climb over the sky.
On days of sunlight
the planet teases us in her white dress and rouge.

Rivers and mountains are beautiful
and made heroes bow and compete to catch the girl—lovely earth.
Yet the emperors Shih Huang and Wu Ti
were barely able to write.
The first emperors of the Tang and Sung dynasties were crude.
Genghis Khan, man of his epoch
and favored by heaven,
knew only how to hunt the great eagle.
They are all gone.

Only today are we men of feeling.

MAO TSE-TUNG
February 1936 or August 1945

"Snow" *from* The Poems of Mao Tse-Tung, *translation, introduction, notes by Willis Barnstone, in collaboration with Ko Ching-Po. English translation copyright © 1972 by Bantam Books, Inc. Published by Harper & Row and Bantam Books, Inc. All rights reserved.*

One Who Loved Everything

Diderot

by Arthur M. Wilson

(Oxford University Press; $25)

The *Encyclopédie*, probably the most typical work of the French Enlightenment, has had the typical fate of bulky classics. When it is read at all, it is read in tiny excerpts. But it is more than a classic; it is a document—if you can imagine a document spun out to 35 volumes—revealing the thought of men who helped make a revolution.

Denis Diderot, coeditor when the first volume was published and for many years editor-in-chief, was a do-gooder in the worst sense and the best. He habitually jumped in with suggestions where they were unsought, yet he was sensitive to other men's needs and extraordinarily generous. With ideas, which he had in abundance. With money, which was such a painful scramble for him during his youth that he might easily have turned miserly. He handed over plots for plays and stories to less inventive authors. And to Catherine the Great he submitted elaborate plans that would have modernized Russia had she been as liberal as the image she tried to project.

Diderot came away from Russia depressed by the hypocrisies of "benevolent despotism." Observing the tenseness of the Russian people, he remarked, "They always seem to be existing just before an earthquake or after it." His conviction after the Russian visit was that neither he nor his fellow *philosophes* had understood despotism, yet the France of the Enlightenment had tyranny to spare and Diderot himself contended with it frequently. When he was 29 he insisted he would marry the girl he loved and was shut up in a monastery once his father had written a *lettre de cachet* demanding Denis' arrest. In a second tangle with the law he was hauled off to a medieval fortress for writing a book that had enraged a VIP. Diderot escaped from the monastery and was never brought back. His four-month stay in the fortress ended when he offered to dedicate the first volume of the *Encyclopédie* to the nobleman who had signed the warrant for his arrest.

No matter how harassing, these punishments were inconveniences—irritating flea bites—beside the horrors other victims experienced in what Dickens called "the best of times, . . . the worst of times." In many respects the France of the Enlightenment was simply a police state; but it was far from a monolith. Had Diderot's France been Hitler's Germany, no publisher would have faced the censor with the daringly mixed bag of scholarship and propaganda that was the *Encyclopédie*. Fortunately, certain Paris officials matched

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any of the *philosophes* in tolerance; it was said, for example, that a magistrate who regulated publishing warned authors and booksellers routinely before they were raided.

In his prospectus to the *Encyclopédie* Diderot sounded a moralistic and bluntly anti-authoritarian note, outlining what Wilson calls Hamiltonianism and the Bill of Rights. Diderot's conviction that knowledge is a virtue and that the unchecked spread of it will make men happier challenged the Church, dictatorial government, and a whole bundle of ideas that had grown up in the shadow of powerful institutions. The best instruction, in Diderot's eyes, was a dynamic process inspired by Lockean psychology. Holding with Locke that all we know is channeled to us through our five senses, Diderot took the next step and argued that the only authorities we should bow to are Reason and Natural Law.

This skepticism, as he knew, had to be dissembled. His *Pensées philosophiques* was published anonymously and sold on the sly. As editor of the *Encyclopédie*, he tried to undermine everything in Fundamentalism that offended his own faith in Reason, but he relied on the cautions of nuance and indirection. Attacking pagan customs, he singled out those that had obvious parallels with Christian ones. And in his article on Egypt he ticked off the vices of ancient priests, and implied that the modern variety were no better. An article by an Abbé Mollet (for most of Diderot's contributors got the same charge out of attacking Fundamentalism) hinted that Noah's Ark had offered impossible problems in carpentry and accommodation.

A corollary to this philosophical skepticism was Diderot's strong faith in science as an instrument of technological revolution. It was in science, however, that he expected the ultimate answer to men's miseries and the ultimate provisions for the good life.

His background helped here. His father was a small-town cutler—a remarkably accomplished one according to his neighbors—and Diderot himself had a lifelong respect for able craftsmen. This he revealed in his prospectus, which asserted that the *Encyclopédie* would give the mechanical arts their due. He carried out his promise—to the especial delight of Louis XV and his courtiers, who plunged into volume after volume to learn how cannons were cast and operated and how gunpowder, shoes, stockings and shirts were manufactured. Visiting Paris shops and factories, where he was sometimes taken for a spy and rebuffed, Diderot managed to work out elaborate descriptions of machines and processes. The plates engraved from the sketches of artists who had followed up his visits were admired as an invaluable feature of the *Encyclopédie*.

Had he been asked to justify the large place he gave to technology in the *Encyclopédie*, Diderot might have replied that man himself is a machine enclosed within the grander machine that is the universe. He would have called it superstition, which is to say unsupported evidence, to hold that this grander machine had been built by a still grander expression of energy—God. For he had moved from the faith of his boyhood, when he had mortified his body by fasting and wearing a hair shirt, to the deism of early manhood and the atheism of middle age. With this mechanistic view of things went a taste for the emotions Church ritual could still excite in him. And he sometimes thought it would be better to chasten the Church than destroy it because it touched and exalted men's imaginations as no abstraction could. In short, nostalgia and habit kept Diderot from breaking completely with his conservative beginnings.

During its years of publication (1751-1780) the *Encyclopédie* employed about 20 contributors. Though Voltaire and Rousseau were the most famous, the most prolific was Louis de Jaucourt, a Huguenot of unspotted reputation who "was the figleaf of the *Encyclopédie*." De Jaucourt initialed his articles and it is known that he wrote approximately 4,700,000 words. Diderot's own contribution was enormous. His activities as editor besides would have wrecked a man less patient, energetic and eager to reach men in ages to come. But his claim to literary greatness—questioned by admirers like Havelock Ellis and stoutly defended by Wilson—rests on achievement having nothing to do with the *Encyclopédie*.

Critics since Ellis have examined many of Diderot's manuscripts and observed the fine scruples that went into his revisions. Ellis supposed that *Le Neveu de Rameau*, Diderot's masterpiece, was a rough-hewn fragment tossed off effortlessly; but it was revised four times and its witty lines—it is a dialogue covering some 100 pages—remind us that the Age of Reason also doubled as the Age of Wit. Diderot also published books on art and dramatic criticism, mathematics

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and philosophy, moralistic plays loaded down with sentimentality and artificial plotting, a scatological novel written to pay a mistress' debts, and many works of fiction. His novel, *La Religieuse*, treated sexual perversion briefly and subtly yet haunted Lord Morley "for days and nights," went through 73 editions, and was temporarily proscribed after its filming in 1966.

Despite his do-gooding, Diderot showed no sign of self-righteousness. He had as little side as possible and was the hearty, uninhibited cutler's son whether he talked to beggars or royalty. Catherine the Great in fact acknowledged that he repeatedly slapped the thighs of listeners and that she was black and blue before she had the presence of mind to shove a table between herself and the *Encyclopédie* editor. If he was a bit too solemn occasionally, it was about his programs for instant reform, which soared off because he lacked political experience. Wilson, recognizing Diderot's weaknesses, is careful not to make a monument out of this great man while producing a definitive and admirably researched biography. While on the trail of documents, Wilson traveled as far as Russia, and his spare but vivid local color—French and Russian alike—is altogether ingratiating. At times the documents eluded him: no discoverable scrap of writing apart from Diderot's own scattered allusions covers the nine or 10 years that followed his graduation from the University of Paris. Wilson's effort to reconstruct these lost years is a happy illustration of deductive powers harnessed to first-rate scholarship. Impatient readers, to be sure, might wish to take a rain check when the narrative gives way to elaborate literary analysis, but as a whole *Diderot* is worthy of the man whom Rousseau compared to Plato and Aristotle and whom Voltaire classed as Pantophile—one who loves everything and is interested in everything.

James Walt

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

temporary film, an actor superbly equipped to *be* a hero, a protagonist of an epic: a man capable of representing us. (Which is far from all of his talent; see him as a filling-station attendant in *Wild Strawberries.*) He has an extraordinary range of sympathies and strengths, and like many fine actors (not all; some of them delight in visible virtuosity) he makes it look easy.

So does his screen wife, Liv Ullmann. See how both of them handle the simple-difficult matter of youth. They begin as a young affianced couple, with no trick lights or makeups, just hairstyles that are different from ones they wear later. They simply believe in the truth and worth of what they are pretending to be, so we take the pretense as truth. Women have more of a problem in demonstrating their range as actors than men, they generally wear less various makeups. If an audience could see a clip of Ullmann from *Persona* right after *The Emigrants*, they would see the same face, but they would get some idea of why acting at its best is creation, as well as interpretation. (She even *sleeps* differently in the two pictures.)

Eddie Axberg, who was merely a satisfactory figure as the hero of *Here's Your Life* and who plays von Sydow's younger brother here, has now become capable of filling in many of the deeper points of a character. Some of the best scenes in the film are between him and his fat fellow-serf (Pierre Lindstedt), in their barn bunks, finding brotherhood in their mutual misery.

The costumes by Ulla-Britt Soderlund are first-rate, and I want to draw special attention to the makeup by Cecilia Drott. Skin looks like skin—grimy, worn, sweaty, blood-flecked. Hands look like hands that have spent years with tools and dirt and buckets. US directors of Westerns and farm pictures, please copy.

The conflict and the virtues in *The Emigrants* come, fundamentally, from the dialectic between a traditional old-style narrative and Troell's contemporary sensibilities. The synthesis of that opposition is not complete, but it is pretty rich. I mean it positively when I say that I can't remember many films that I have been less excited by that I have enjoyed as much. I look forward to Part Two.

Note. The other day I saw two Marx Brothers reissues, both MGM pictures, *A Night at the Opera* and *A Day at the Races.* Both prints had been blown up from their original size to a new widescreen proportion. In both prints the tops of heads were sometimes cut off by this distortion and the focus throughout was somewhat muzzy. I hope audiences will protest.

Personals

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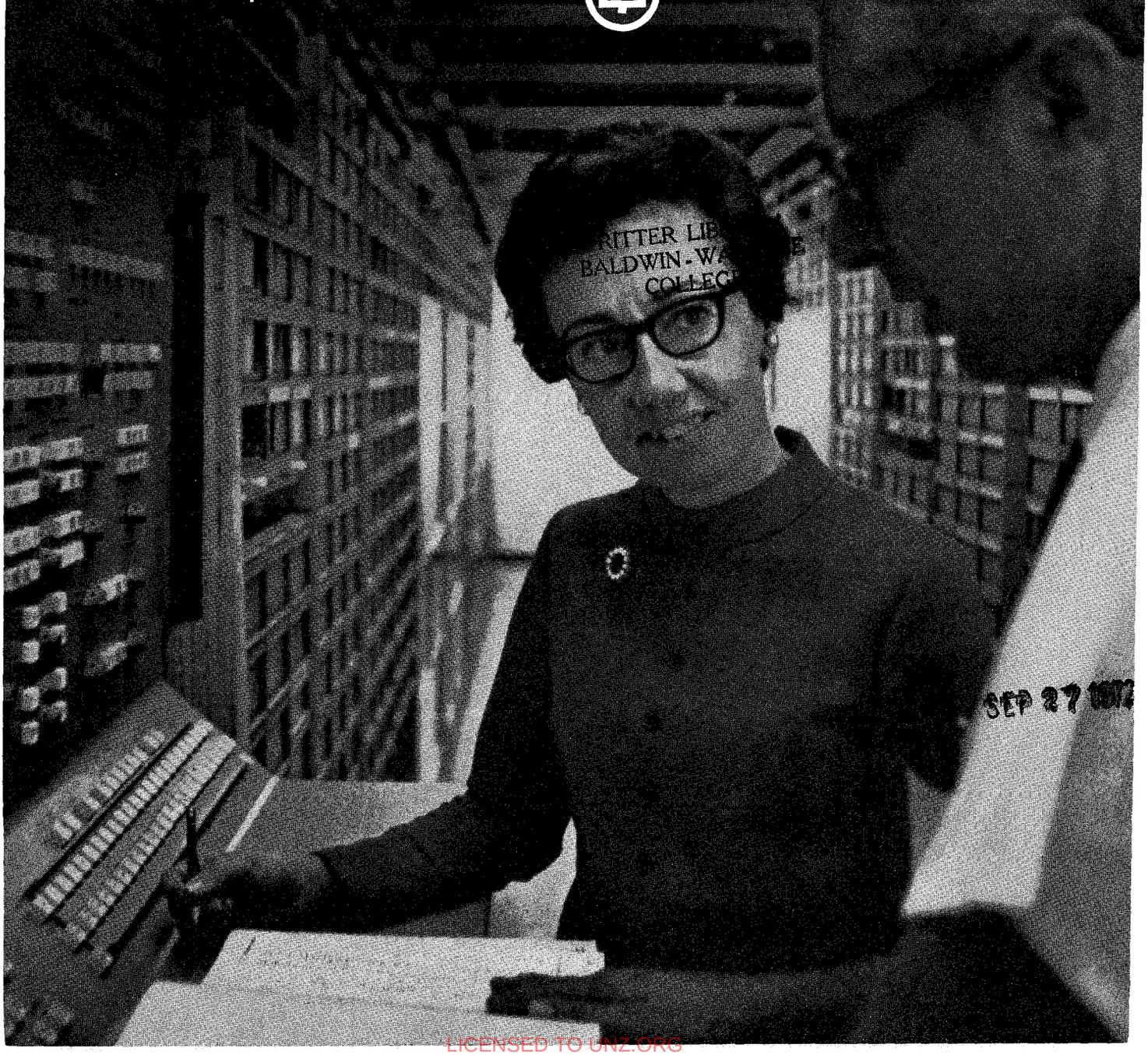

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